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SEA DREAMS.

BY S. S. A.

Hot noon upon a great green sea of glass;
No wavelet stirs the levels of sun-gold;
The waters, lying wide and fearless, hold
White pictures of the sea-gulls as they pass.

Far off, a long brown line of rocky land
Capped with red gables and a gray church-spire;
A mountain with its pinnacles of fire
Behind a wilderness of yellow sand.

And out amid the sea the silver trace
Of one small boat that slowly leaves the shores,
Urged by the drowsy dip of rhythmic oars;
And in the boat two sitting, face to face.

IN SEVERED PATHS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "WITH THIS RING I WED THEE," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Estrild returned to consciousness, Harold was leaning over her; and his eyes, as they met hers, were so full of tender anxiety and love, that her first impulse was to reassure him by saying faintly:

"I am well—quite well; do not be worried for me."

Then she half rose, leaning on his arm, and turned a quick, frightened glance towards the sea.

It lay spread out before her, a divine expanse of blue, the deep mirror of a cloudless day, its swelling waves bearing forward softly to the shore only the innocent whiteness of the spray, which adorned their long ridges like sparkling jewels, or rose like snowdrops from the liquid green. Across the whole heaving field, from the soft rush of the waves on the white sands to where they dashed upwards against the blue dip of the sky at the horizon, no black speck of boat or hull of ship was anywhere visible.

With a quick, passionate sigh Estrild turned her eyes from the solitude of the sea, and fixed them in questioning pain on Harold's face.

"I saw the boat," she said, "and—and there was something in it I could not understand. It frightened me—I fainted I think. That was because such a dreadful fancy seized me; but—but it could have been only a delusion. The sun was in my eyes, and it seemed to lift up a face from the boat. Oh, Harold, Harold, you are not speaking—you do not tell me it is but a dream!"

"My dear, dear Estrild, try to be brave."

"No, no; there is no need for courage. After a night of terror, one is full of fancies; and the sun dazzled me, and the seamist wreathed itself into a strange shape. Harold, speak!"

"My dearest, I cannot speak to deceive you; what you saw was no delusion."

The girl gazed at him with face growing to the hue of snow, yet once more she grappled with a last faint hope—once more she refused to believe the truth.

"Then some poor man is killed," she said; "and you are cruel not to assure me that Tristram is safe on board the revenue cutter."

"My darling, how can I dare mock you with false hopes? You yourself saw our sorrowful burden only too plainly. I wish I could have spared you the pain; but you looked down from the height into the boat, and the sun was shining on all that there is left of the truest, kindest, bravest heart that ever beat."

There was no answer now; she slipped from his arm to the ground, and sat there with eyes turned seawards, and a frozen look of white sorrow on her face, which made her seem a statue, all thought and feeling fixed in stone.

Harold knelt by her side in silence, in patience mastering his fears, waiting until she should turn to him for comfort. The moments went by hot with agony, and yet slow and cold as water and time are to a drowning man.

He racked his very heart meanwhile for words of consolation; but grief and horror choked speech. Language seemed to him now as light and vain as the withered leaves which the wind caught up and swirled away on a contemptuous breath.

At last a faint color rose in the stony whiteness of Estrild's face, and Harold, watching it, felt a deep sigh of relief break from his lips; but she did not seek for consolation nor remove her fixed gaze from the sea.

"So you have let him die," she said bitterly and slowly: "and he was your friend and my brother!"

"Estrild," he cried, striving to put his arm around her, "you are wild with grief—you know not what you are saying!"

"You have let him die!" she repeated, freeing herself coldly from his embrace. "You went out to save him, and you have brought him home dead! Do you expect me to be grateful?"

The horrible cruelty of her words struck Harold like a blow, so stupefying him that for a moment he did not see their unreason. Then a great rush of pity came over him, and he nerved himself to bear this new strange shape that her grief had taken.

"Come home with me," he said gently; "and as we walk I will tell you all that has happened—so far as I know it myself, that is."

She rose at his bidding, without looking at him, without accepting his offered help, and walked by his side, cold, pale, silent; while he poured out fast and eagerly the story of the past night of sorrow.

"So he was murdered?" she said calmly, when the tale was done.

"I hope not, Estrild. Bear in mind that Captain Armstrong and the young officer who first spoke to me both declared that his death occured through an unfortunate accident."

"But you have said that one of those men was rude and insolent, and appeared to you to be holding back the truth with rough resolve!"

"It is true—he did give me that impression," Harold answered reluctantly.

"Are you, too, screening him?" Estrild asked, with mournful scorn.

"My dear, dear love, you have no pity in your grief!"

"Pity!" returned the girl. "I give my pity to my brother, not to his assassin."

"My dear Estrild, who is pitying him?"

"You are!" she answered, flashing her eyes on him at last, with a hot color rushing over her white face. "I have noted your pity and sympathy in every word you have uttered."

Harold stood still, his heart beating painfully.

Could it be possible that there was some truth in her accusation? Was his soul stirred within him with pity for the unknown hand that had wrought such misery, or was it only the natural reflection of his feelings rebelling against Estrild's injustice? At all events, he owned inwardly, with a speechless moan, that his sympathy had for an instant flown from her to follow the departing ship, and hover over an agony greater, he fancied, than this cold, stony grief of hers.

He had looked for the tears, the sorrow, the softness of a woman whom he loved and could have comforted; but when grief turned her to stone he found not a word in his hurt soul which he could speak tenderly.

"You cannot answer me," she continued, with increasing bitterness. "You have owned that Captain Armstrong was worried, not for Tristram, but for his slayer. And, to save him from the consequences of the deed, he has sailed away, whither we know not."

"But, Estrild, he was under orders to sail," Harold said with a little shade of hardness in his voice.

"How do we know that? We have only his word for it," she answered sharply.

"Surely a gentleman would not lie to me at such a time!"

"Not to save some one he loved? Oh, you do not yet know what love can do!"

Her lip quivered as she spoke, and for the first time a softer look stole over her marble face.

Harold was touched; the pain he had felt at her words passed away—he longed again to comfort her.

"Love will not make a man lie, Estrild—at least I hope not—though perhaps it might a woman. Believe me, Captain Armstrong spoke truly. Duty comes first to a man in his position; he was compelled to obey orders, and the ship will soon return."

"Ah, but not with the assassin of my brother on board!" she said, with scornful emphasis. "He will never be seen in Cornwall again—he will be left safely in some other land."

Harold could not gainsay this—his own suspicions did but echo her words; yet he tried faintly to argue against them.

"My dear Estrild, why imagine this unhappy lad anxious to escape when innocent of all guilt? He cannot be punished for an accident no matter how fatal or terrible."

As Harold said this they had reached the top of the ascent, and there lay before them the long green sweep of the park, dotted with noble trees, and, at the head of the far-reaching slope, the old mansion of Langarth standing with its shadows round about it, as though sleeping peacefully in the morning sun.

At this sudden sight of her home, coming upon her in its new aspect, as masterless and desolate, the hardness of Estrild's grief gave way, a sharp cry escaped her, and, trembling visibly, she hid her face in her hands. But she sought for no comfort from her lover. She stood aloof from him and, without the relief of tear or sob, battled with her passionate agony until she became calm again.

Harold stood by in wondering, speechless sorrow, not daring to offer her a word of consolation; he felt she would have thrust all such words aside as importunate, and worthless as the dust which the wind scattered in their path.

He ventured to come close to her, almost to touch her arm; then her hands fell from her face, showing it very pale and resolute.

"Give me a moment," she said, in a low, quiet voice. "Then I will answer your argument."

"There is no need, Estrild. Why should we argue? Why should we speak at all on this dreadful subject?" asked Harold passionately. "Will you not hurry homewards and then lie down and try to go to sleep?"

"You mistake me strangely if you think I could do that. I never supposed you would misinterpret my duty in such a way."

"Oh, Estrild, Estrild, you make things very hard and bitter for me!" cried Harold, yielding at last to the angry dismay filling heart and mind.

She looked at him as if not comprehending his words, and then spoke as though she had not heard them.

"Where is the boat?" she said, turning suddenly seawards and shading her eyes with her hand. "Where have you hidden Tristram? When I fainted you told the men to hide from my sight."

"I wished to spare you, Estrild," Harold returned, his voice quivering with all the emotion and tenderness he vainly hoped to hear in hers.

"You do not understand me," she said, passing her hand across brow as if to sweep away some pain. "There can be no childish sparing of feelings for me now. I have to act, not weep, or wail, or shut my eyes in sleep because there are sad sights to look on. You have not answered me. Where is he? Where is my dead brother?"

Without an attempt again to soothe, to comfort, or to spare her, Harold replied to her appeal in the simplest words.

"I ordered the men to hide beneath the cliff and wait there till I gave them a signal that they might come on to the house."

"Then give them the signal now. Tristram and I will enter Langarth together," she said. "I will wait here for him."

Harold looked at her face—the face he had thought the tenderest and sweetest in the world—and he saw that it was white and unflinching, and he knew that all expostulation would be vain.

"As you will," he answered; and, going to the verge of the cliff, he fluttered his handkerchief in the wind and called aloud Michael's name.

But there was no response.

"They cannot hear you or see the signal from this point."

Then, before he could stretch out his hand to hold her back, Estrild had sprung to the giddy verge of an overhanging rock, and stood there unflinching, with a sheer precipice of two hundred feet between her and the sea.

With agony indescribable Harold saw her slight figure sway upon this dreadful height, as she she leaned over the verge, striving to descry the boat.

He stood immovable, not daring to approach her lest his steps should startle her and cause her to lose her balance. So he watched in breathless anguish, till at last she drew back and turned her face towards him with a wan, piteous smile.

"They have seen me," she said—"they are coming."

"Oh, Estrild, come back to the path! Leave the cliff, I entreat you!" he cried.

"They are lifting him very gently," she answered, leaning over the verge again. "They will not hurt him."

"Estrild, Estrild, I implore you, come away!"

She waved her hand in an impatient negative; his tortured cry did but pass over her head like the wing of some importunate bird not worthy of thought or heed.

He feared to speak again, for she was leaning so far over the precipice that, to his excited fancy, the movement of a leaf might suffice to fling her beyond the verge into the depths below.

At length, with a heavy sigh of relief, he saw her raise herself from her bending attitude and stand erect for just a moment, with gaze still fixed downward; then she turned slowly from the sea and came towards him.

"I could not come away till I saw he was safe. They have placed him on the sands now," she said.

Her voice was less firm, her lips were quivering visibly. Harold noted these tokens of returning softness thankfully. He took her hand and strove to lead her gently towards Langarth; but she drew back, saying, with an instant return of firmness:

"Not without him. I shall wait here for Tristram. It is a steep ascent, but he will not be long in coming. They will carry

him willingly; they all loved him."

She sat down upon a bank of heather, her hands in her lap, her eyes fixed on the narrow path before her with a strange glistening expectation in them which was dreadful to see.

Harold looked at her with such a mingling of grief and pain and wistful jealousy in his heart that he could scarce refrain from giving vent to the musings of his vexed spirit. Her words, "they all loved him," rang in his ears.

Yes, it was true—they all loved him. He himself would have given his life for him willingly; and his sister loved him so dearly, so terribly, that now she was angry because he had not died in Tristram's stead. And she could not bear to look into his face because he was alive and well and her brother was coming up the path, a dead man.

Oh, it was true, and it was bitter. And the poor love she had given him, which had flitted out of her heart now, was a mere pale shadow compared with the strong rooted love which had grown about her life for years.

Ah, he had no place in her grief for Tristram, no place in her thoughts, which were all wound about the white face coming slowly, slowly up the toilsome path towards her.

"It is a long way, and I cannot hear their steps yet," said Estrild, her voice breaking in on his bitter musing and rousing him as from some painful dream. "I want to tell you quickly, before they come, what I think and feel about—about that man you pity."

"My dear Estrild, why should we talk of him with anger?" asked Harold wearily. "Let us leave him to the law."

"Which will not touch him. No, I must tell you what I feel. I have thought it out; I understand it now. He was guilty. If he were innocent, Captain Armstrong would have given him up to you. He would have said, 'Here is the man; he is willing to stand any investigation, any inquiry—let him be a prisoner till he is proved guiltless.' Harold, you have not done your duty by me and by Tristram. You should have seized that man. Now he has escaped us forever."

Her head sank upon her arms, but only for an instant; and, when she raised it, she fixed her tearless eyes as before on the steep path.

Harold felt her words to be hard and unjust indeed; her reasoning as to the guilt of the unknown might have truth in it, but there was none in her assertion that he ought to have seized the man.

"Could I board a King's ship and arrest one of the crew by force?" he asked her angrily.

"Perhaps not," said Estrild, in a weary voice. "But there will be no rest on earth for me till he be found. Oh, if I could but see him once—only once be assured that he is a human being."

"Estrild!" exclaimed Harold, startled more even by her strange tone than by her words, "of what are you thinking?"

"Hark!" she cried, starting to her feet. "Do you hear what they are singing?"

Yes; Harold heard and grew pale. It was the sad wild air that had haunted him through his night journey—it was the "Crusaders' Chant," sung in soft mellow Cornish voices to the words of a burial hymn—

"'Sink from the chamber to the grave'—
Thus did the dead man say:
'A sound of melody I crave
Upon my burial day.

The cortege was in sight now, many feet below them still, winding slowly up the path and hidden sometimes by its abrupt turns or by the rocks and bushes that lined its jagged sides.

"Are the men mad," said Harold to himself, "that they sing at such a time as this, and to that tune?"

Estrild divined his thoughts, and turned her ashen-gray face at once towards him.

"Do not stop them," she said. "It is a Cornish custom to sing in bearing the dead. Let them sing on—they are doing their best to comfort me."

And surely the mournful chant had brought comfort, for tears were in her eyes and the bitter hardness of her voice had broken into tenderness.

"But I feared this singing to that strange air," Harold began; but she held up her hand to stop him.

"We sing it always when a Carbonellis dies—in this way. Prior must have told them who rode to Langarth last night."

"My dear, dear Estrild——"

"Ah, I cannot talk—I cannot answer you?" she cried, in a dreadful whisper. "He is coming—he is very near! Hush! Let us listen."

The men were close upon them now, four of them carrying the rough coffin—Cornish way—by the hand, not on the shoulder. Every head was uncovered.

Estrild stood up, and Harold put his arm around her; then, with a burst of weeping for which he thanked Heaven, she clung to him; and, after one look, she hid her face on his shoulder from the sight before her.

Solemnly the men passed on, too pitiful to look upon her grief—only the deeper tone of their voices told that their hearts were with her in her sorrow.

"'So earth to earth and dust to dust;
And, though my flesh decay,
My soul will sing among the just
Until the Judgment Day.'"

Pitiful and brave the men lifted up their voices and rolled the hymn strong, great, and victorious against the pale morning sky.

Comfort and hope sprang out of the sound. Even in death man is king, and the crown of life sits on his cold brow.

The ancient nail-studded door was set wide open, and the servants lined the hall as to receive a royal guest, as the young master of Langarth, who had gone out in life and health, was carried over its threshold dead.

CHAPTER VII.

ESTRILD'S reproaches and her apparent coldness had stung her lover to the heart. Yet in her last few words which betrayed the superstitious horror lurking amid her grief, and in the clinging touch of her hands, as at length she turned to him for help, he found a gleam of comfort. These things, like the straw upon the river, showed him, as he believed, whither the current of her thoughts tended. The mystery shrouding her brother's death had brought down upon her like an avalanche all the hereditary gloom and superstition of his house, and she was irritated that no tangible evidence could be brought forward to disprove her agonised fear that her brother had fallen a victim to a dreadful power beyond all human ken. To have such a belief forced upon her was hateful; hence her irritation, and disappointment that the slayer of her brother was not seized and brought before her eyes to disprove by his veritable flesh-and-blood presence that the bounds of this world had not been passed, and no spirit from the "other side" had stepped across its awful threshold to compass death.

As Harold sat gloomily alone in the library, striving to eat the breakfast which Prior had set before him, he thus endeavored to thread the labyrinth of Estrild's thoughts and see in them a cause for her bitter injustice to him.

That her thoughts ran this way he felt sure; and it was no argument against their strength and gloom to say that they were unreasonable and morbid. No, they must be fought with and conquered by a better way than wordy counsels against the folly of superstition.

Such counsels, he knew, would fall into the dark vague terror of Estrild's mind unheeded; they would be lost there as the light fall of a few flakes of snow is instantly lost in the sea. So instead of words there must be deeds; instead of argument there must be proof.

The "human being", as she had passionately said, who had slain her brother must be brought before a Court of Justice, and his innocence or his guilt be proved by undoubted human evidence. In the eye of day, in the face of indubitable fact, the mists of superstition would be chased from her mind, and his own love would be herself again.

The tender joy of the hope touched him almost to tears, and he forgot for a moment the estrangement of the looks and the cold silence in which she had left him ever since she had shut her door against him and all the world, to be alone with her grief.

But was this a time for him to be angry because she chose to weep alone and not in his arms? Well, if she would not accept comfort from him, she should at least accept. He would be up and doing.

But, alas, the spirit may be willing but the flesh is weak! From the moment he stepped into that fated boat on the Devonshire side of the Torpoint Passage, he had not closed his eyes in sleep; and each hour of the twenty that had passed since then had brought its share of weariness, excitement, danger, and grief.

Even now, as he forced himself to swallow food, he felt the exhaustion of fatigue in every nerve, and with intense sorrow he was fain to confess that an hour or two of rest was a necessity, before he would be fit for the work he had set himself to do. In the meantime he would question old Prior as to the best course to pursue. He knew the people and the place, and would tell him to whom he ought to apply for aid in his enterprise.

"Yes, sir, I understand you," said the old man, when Harold had explained his project. "You want to hire a boat and pursue the cutter. Well, the best man to help you in that is an old pilot called Daniel Pascoe; he has a fast-sailing, seaworthy boat, and if any man can put you in the right way to catch the cutter, he can."

"Where does he live?"

"Down to Langarth Churchtown, sir. My son shall show you the way. Ah, Mr. Oliver, there will be sad changes here now, sir!"

"There will indeed, Prior," replied Harold absently.

"Miss Estrild will be in the power of a bad man, sir."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Harold, turning to him now with roused attention.

"I mean that Mr. Vicat is her guardian now; and, if ever there was a bad man that wore out good shoe leather on God's earth, he is one! I never thought to live to see Miss Estrild in that man's hands."

"Vicat?" repeated Harold anxiously. "I have heard of him. He is reported rich, and he is related to the family," he added, "is he not?"

"Only by law, sir. His first wife was a sister of Mrs. Carbonellis. She died and left one son; by his second wife he has other sons and daughters."

Harold received this information as a matter of no great importance. He could not imagine any mere uncle-in-law interfering much in Estrild's life, and, besides, in fourteen months she would be of age, and free, he supposed, of guardianship.

"I think we need not be afraid of this Mr. Vicat, Prior," he said. "A husband, you know, can stand between his wife and a bad guardian."

"Oh, sir, I hope the best; but this is a sad day for us all, and I fear it is only the beginning of misfortune!"

"Now look here, Prior," returned Harold gravely—"I shall be much annoyed if any talk of that kind reaches your young mistress's ears. She has real sorrow enough without being troubled by the superstitious fancies of ignorant people. I shall expect you to keep all idle tales in the regions to which they belong. By the-bye, I thought we agreed that she was not to hear of the stranger who came to Langarth last night?"

"Ah, sir, you and I had thought to keep that a secret; but early this morning before daylight, the guard of the up-coach told the lodge-keeper all the story of the dark rider who outraced the mail last night! Then, when the light rose, the woman came up here and saw Miss Estrild; and she sent for me and asked me if that strange visitor had rung his warning note at our door. I could not answer 'No;' I owned that you had seen him, sir."

Harold heard this with an inward groan. Was it wonderful that Estrild met him with a moody spirit tinged with all the superstitious gloom of her race? And in his inmost heart, as he brooded now for a moment over the events of this black night, was he not obliged to own that a secret shadow of horror rested also on his own soul? The voice he had heard in the library as he stood before the old picture might have been a delusion born of his heated fancy; but it was not the less strange that it appeared to him to be Tristram's voice; and, if it should be proved hereafter that this delusion came upon him at the moment of his friend's death, it would ever remain to him an unaccountable mystery.

"Well, Prior, I am sorry," Harold said, "that this history should have reached your mistress and vexed her heart at such a time. Doubtless it was this that made her go to the beach?"

"Yes, sir; and I thought to get there first and warn you of her coming. But I was too late, though, knowing the tide was out, I ran the shortest way through the caves to the beach."

Harold did not question the old man further; he perceived now that he had poured forth his story to the waiting crew, and they, in spite of all they had heard at the cutter's side, had instantly accepted their master's death as the supernatural doom that fell on all his race. So they bore him up the cliff to the air of the "Crusader's Chant," the old sepulchral hymn which, like the wail of a sorrowful spirit, followed every Carbonellis to his last home.

Harold felt now that in forcing Estrild to play this sad air to him he had been cruel. He had thought to sweep away her superstitious fancies by imposing on her this task; but he perceived now that it must have had the very opposite effect, and the fact would strengthen all the morbid fancies that filled her mind. If she had only told him at what calamitous times this sad chant was sung, then for worlds he would not have asked her to ring it out beneath her white fingers.

He could now understand her silence, her unwillingness to let a single word of hers strengthen unseen terrors. He recalled the brave effort she made to play calmly and to lay no superstitious stress upon the fact that she was playing the fateful music that a wildly fanciful legendary people sang as the funeral hymn of her doomed race.

"These Cornish folk are strangely superstitious," said Harold to himself. "Every rock and wild heath has its legend, every house its ghost, every mine its elf and goblin. Brought up amid a cloud of such wild fancies, Estrild's spirit must needs be shadowed by them; but I will take her away from all this. London will shake the cobwebs from her brain. As soon as this terrible time is over, I must persuade her to be my wife at once. I am resolved that she shall not stay alone amid all the gloomy recollections of this old place. In London she will forget them. Ah, yes, surely I shall make her forget them when she is all my own!"

The grating of wheels and the prancing of horses on the broad gravel sweep without roused Harold from his reverie. He glanced at the window and saw a post-chaise and four reeking horses driven by two post-boys, so-called, though they were, in fact, lean and battered old men. One of these dismounted and clamored at the bell with clumsy hand.

The sound grated harshly on Harold's vexed ear. All his thoughts rushed in pained fear to Estrild's room; the clang would startle her sense bodefully with new terrors.

"Now, who can these blundering people be, who pay us a visit at such a time?" he said to himself angrily. "Prior will send them away, of course."

But no; he saw the old man, with a strangely scared look, open the chaise door and help a stout lady to descend. A gentleman, also stout, with a florid, handsome face, followed her. Both entered the house.

In another moment, as Harold rose in angry amazement, Prior had set the library door open and announced:

"Mr. and Mrs. Vicat!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE stout lady remained timidly near the door; but the florid gentleman came forward with great composure.

"Mr. Oliver, I presume?" he said in a pompous voice.

Then, as Harold merely bowed in reply, he turned round to his wife.

"My dear, let me introduce you to Mr. Oliver. You will be greatly interested, I am sure, in making his acquaintance."

"I am glad to see you. I mean I am sorry—at such a time, you know," returned the lady, in a frightened way. "I am sure I wish it hadn't happened."

"My dear," said Mr. Vicat, "pray reflect before you speak. Rebellion at all times is bad, but rebellion against Providence is really unpardonable."

At this rebuke Mrs. Vicat pushed her chair nearer to the wall and sat there silent.

"This is a sad dispensation, sir," continued her husband, turning to Harold.

"To what are you alluding as a 'dispensation'?" asked Harold, his anger and contempt breaking through his voice.

"I allude, of course, to my nephew's death, of which I have just been informed by that dear, affectionate, familiar old creature, Prior; but he went into no details. I presume it happened about a week ago?"

"It happened last night," said Harold shortly.

"Dear me! Now that is strange—that is remarkable! A short illness, I suppose?"

In his exasperation and grief Harold rose and walked to the window, and this question of Mr. Vicat's was answered with his back to that gentleman.

"There was no illness. My dear friend lost his life by an accident on board the Revenue cutter. And I think," continued Harold, turning now and facing his interlocutor with indignant mien, "that this is not a time at which his sister can receive visitors."

"Quite so. I am glad to hear you say so," returned Mr. Vicat, with much satisfaction. "It relieves me, you see, of the painful task of saying that at such sad times a bereaved family should be left to themselves."

Harold grew white. He thrust his hands into his pockets, for they tingled with a

very natural desire to seize Mr. Vicat by the collar and fling him out of the window, and it required a strong remembrance of Estrild and of the solemn stillness of that sacred room above them to hold him back. With the thought of this in his heart, he refrained, and forced himself to speak quietly.

"I acknowledge no right in you, Mr. Vicat, to question my presence here. My position with regard to Miss Carbonellis makes it a duty on my part to remain to protect her and carry out her wishes."

"My dear sir, I am quite aware of your position; but it appears to me that you are in amazing ignorance of mine," returned Mr. Vicat, with exceeding suavity. "Now don't let us quarrel, but permit me to state the case simply. Miss Carbonellis is my niece——"

"By marriage—by law only," interposed Harold sharply.

"Granted, by law; but I am her guardian also by law, and, my nephew being dead, I am now her sole guardian; and I am sole executor and sole trustee under her father's will," responded Mr. Vicat, rolling out his words with slow unction. "That is the position in which the law places me."

He paused a moment here, as if awaiting some contradiction; but Harold was in no condition to give him any; he was in absolute ignorance relative to the truth or untruth of this statement. Seeing him silent, Mr. Vicat continued, in the same exasperating soft way—

"I have said sufficient, Mr. Olver, to show you that until my niece comes of age—which will not be till she is twenty-five—I have a perfect right to question any one's presence in this house. But—don't mistake me"—putting up his hand to stop Harold's speech—"I have no desire to do so with regard to yourself. In this, as in all other things, I shall consult my dear niece's wishes; and I hope she and I shall always be of one mind."

"The man is lying," said Harold to himself bitterly. "My poor darling, she shall escape from his thraldom quickly! Once my wife, I defy him to injure her!

This was the young man's thought, and it brought a quick fire into his eyes and firmness to his voice.

"Excuse me, Mr. Vicat," he said drily, "but I shall await some confirmation of your statements from Miss Carbonellis before I accept them as correct."

"I can pardon your doubts, Mr. Olver. I am aware that you are only very slightly acquainted with my niece's family affairs, or, indeed, with herself."

"I have been engaged to Estrild for six months," returned Harold indignantly; "and I have known her for nearly two years."

"My dear sir, I know the whole history of your acquaintance with her;" and Mr. Vicat waved his hands towards him as if dismissing the matter as a mere bagatelle. "You and my dear nephew were college chums; then, when Estrild was staying in London with a connection of mine, Lady Membury, you were introduced to her for the first time. That was—let me see—just twenty months ago. Then last summer you joined her and her brother in their excursion to Switzerland; and it was during that tour that the engagement you speak of took place. Yes, I believe I am correct. Of course, as co-guardian with her brother, it was my duty to ascertain all these facts; and there was a difference of opinion between him and me respecting them. He did not tell you that?"

"No; I never heard him mention your name;" and Harold's voice shook slightly as he spoke. A rush of indignant feeling, mingled with a thousand recollections of that sweet and tender time when his love was young, had for a moment so quivered round his heart that he could not command himself to speak firmly.

"Ah, poor Tristram was always very reticent as to his family connections!" observed Mr. Vicat, rubbing his hands complacently, as he regarded Harold's evident discomposure.

"And so is Estrild," broke in Mrs. Vicat suddenly. "I am sure I never was so surprised as when she sent for us."

"Sent for you?"

Harold's intense amazement was evident in both voice and look as he echoed the words of the hitherto silent, awkward figure that had now broken forth into this strange utterance.

"Did you suppose we had come without an invitation?" demanded Mr. Vicat, with immense dignity.

"I certainly did," replied Harold; "and, in spite of Mrs. Vicat's assertion, I shall continue to suppose so."

"Well, I don't wonder to hear you say that," burst out Mrs. Vicat, with a childish laugh, "for it was such a queer invitation that I declare I hardly know how to take it myself."

"My dear, my dear," expostulated her husband, "you permit yourself at times to make such strange remarks that really I shall be obliged if you will keep silent. There was nothing extraordinary, I assure you, Mr. Olver, in my niece's invitation, except, perhaps, that it might have been written, instead of sending a stranger to our house to say that our presence was needed here immediately."

"Yes, a most singular person, who would not give any name, and who made me quite nervous," said Mrs. Vicat, hurrying her words out with great speed, as though in fear of a sudden check. "I had been dozing on the sofa, and I awoke with a sort of feeling that some one was looking at me like—like—— What's that thing in poetry, my dear, that kills people? Oh, I know—a basilisk—yes, like a basilisk! Well, and I was all of a shiver, and he was standing opposite to me; and, when I stared at him, he said, 'I have come to deliver a message. 'Your presence is needed at Langarth. Will you tell your husband that?' And with that he was gone. And it was so odd and sudden that, when I rubbed my eyes and roused myself, I took it for a dream—there, that's the truth; but Mr. Vicat took it seriously, and so we started in a post-chaise the next day. And—and here we are, at the cost of a pretty penny, too!"

"I don't count cost where my niece is concerned," responded Mr. Vicat, with a flourish of his hand. "And now, sir, you can comprehend why I observed that it was remarkable when you informed me that my dear nephew's death occurred only last night. Naturally I had concluded that it was in consequence of his loss that my niece sent for me."

"She certainly never sent for you," returned Harold firmly. "The whole thing is a mistake. Mrs. Vicat, as she rightly judged, was dreaming when she imagined the presence of a messenger from Langarth."

"Well, that's just what I think," began Mrs. Vicat, in the same hurried way, as if she expected an instantaneous stopper on the speech, which this time certainly arrived.

"My dear, I must insist upon your being silent," interposed her husband. "All this talk is very irrelevant to our purpose; we are here to take our natural and legal position as Estrild's guardians, not to discuss Mr. Olver's doubts as to a messenger from her having called upon you or not."

"Excuse me—I have no doubts on the subject," said Harold; "and a reference to Miss Carbonellis will settle the point."

"Yes; I should like to ask her the question. I feel so odd about it altogether!" exclaimed Mrs. Vicat. "No, Anthony, I won't be stopped! You can't put a cork in my mouth always—I will have my say out! And I repeat that it was extraordinary that no servant could recollect letting that man in; and he gave no name. To be sure the milk was at the door; he might have come in then."

Mr. Vicat gave his big shoulders a slight shrug, as if to shake off the overflowings of his wife's idle babble, and then addressed himself to Harold.

"Messenger or singular dream—if my wife will have it so—is a matter of little consequence," he said sententiously. "The fact remains that my nephew is dead; and the duties of my position render my presence necessary to my niece. My first duty will be——"

But he was stopped in his unctious recapitulation of his duties by a slight scream from his wife.

Mrs. Vicat, in her delight at having accomplished one or two speeches without being smothered, had removed from her modest seat by the wall and betaken herself to an arm-chair near the fire. She was standing before this now, with her face flushed and a look of terror in her light blue eyes.

"What is the matter now, Louisa?" asked her husband sharply, his pompous manner and his suave delivery both lost in unmistakable rage.

"Matter?" she cried. "Why, I am frightened—that's what's the matter. There is the gentleman I saw—or his picture—it's all the same!"

"A man is not quite the same as his picture," returned Mr. Vicat, with much contempt. "You are dreaming again I suppose?"

"No, I am not. There is a portrait against the wall where I was sitting. I could not see it till I moved over here."

"Do you mean this painting?" asked Harold, touching the fallen portrait of the Black Crusader. "You could scarcely have seen this gentleman, I think." He spoke in a quiet mocking voice, but was vexed to feel that his heart was beating fast as he awaited her answer.

"Yes, that's the picture I mean. And it is exactly like him too. Dear me, it's very trying to one's nerves! I wish people's pictures wouldn't walk about!"

"Louisa, I wish you would try to put one grain of sense into your ridiculous speeches!" said her irate husband. "At times you make an idiot of yourself!"

"If I had not been idiot enough to see that picture standing before me, and ordering us to come to Langarth, you would not be here at this minute!" retorted his wife, with some show of logic.

"Well, well, I will acknowledge that it is curious—there!" returned Mr. Vicat soothingly, as if talking to a child. "I presume it is some friend of the family depicted in fancy dress," he continued, turning to Harold.

"I think not. It is a very old painting and is supposed to be the portrait of a Crusader."

"Ah, that is rather interesting and singular! And a remarkable face too the Crusader has—a good deal of electricity about him of the black kind. A man, I should say, to leave his mark on his descendants."

"Perhaps so," assented Harold.

"It is a mere case, my dear, of astonishing likeness"—addressing his wife, who sat very limp and frightened in her chair—"no need whatever to make a wonder or a miracle of it. This gentleman in the black chain-armor no doubt had his quiver full, like the rest of us and one of the arrows, flying through the centuries, sped to you the other day, winged with a message—that's all."

"That's all?" repeated Mrs. Vicat, in a rasping tone. "What's all? Who is talking nonsense now? I don't understand a word you've said! No one fired any arrows at me! That's what you call talking over my head, I suppose!"

"Then, to speak at your level, my love, I will say that your visitor is doubtless a remote descendant of this gentleman depicted here; and he has been good enough to carry on the family likeness."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Vicat, rubbing her nose with much irritation. "And if that's the case he has carried on the family eccentricity too. Why didn't he leave his name or his card, or at least knock at the door like a Christian?"

To this question no one responded. Mr. Vicat was examining the old painting curiously through his eye-glass. Harold also bent an earnest gaze on the worn scarred face which looked out from an inscrutable darkness—for it had no background, and no light around it save that strange quiver of living light, which seemed to come from the face itself as from a living man.

Such an aspect of life shines rarely on a painted canvas, and only when some great master has limned the features, which perchance through love or sorrow have touched his heart and sent a lightning thrill of pain from heart to hand.

"I am an amateur of paintings and handle the brush a little myself," observed Mr. Vicat, with that air of conceit of universal talent which emanated from his florid features and florid talk; "and I am of opinion that this picture is not nearly so old as the Crusades. Indeed, there were no painters in England at that period."

"It might have been painted in Italy," said Harold. "Crusaders traveled home that way. At all events, one can see that the painter's hand drew from a living face—a face worn and marred and with a great capacity for woe."

"A living face? Yes—a model who sat for the old Crusader, and most likely one of the arrows from his quiver who bore a great hereditary likeness to his forefather of the cross. The dress is historical and correct, copied perhaps from a missal; but the portrait itself dates only, I am certain, from the sixteenth century. I must ask Estrild if any tradition in her family tells who sat for it."

"I must beg you will not speak to Estrild on the subject," interposed Harold hurriedly. "She is not in a fit state of mind to discuss a matter of such light importance."

"Light?" repeated Mrs. Vicat. "I don't call it light when people are nearly scared out of their wits by folks walking into drawing-rooms who ought to be lying quiet with tons of marble atop of them! So I give you gentleman fair warning that I intend to sift the matter to the bottom. I shall question and cross-question Estrild till I get at the truth. And, unless Mr. Vicat smothers me, like the babes in the Tower, I don't see how he is to prevent my speaking to her."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

LOOKING FIERCE.—There exists in the Portuguese army a curious word of command, which is as follows: "Look sternly at the enemy!" whereupon all the soldiers begin to frown. Then the officer commands: "Look savage!" at the same time giving his face as martial an expression as he can, which all the soldiers immediately try to imitate.

THE OSTRICH.—An African traveler corrects in an amusing way an old fallacy with regard to ostriches. "The popular belief," he remarks, "that an ostrich, when pursued, hides his head in the sand, is incorrect. On the contrary, if he gets a fair chance at a man, he will," he says, "reverse the position, and hide the man, or what is left of him, in the sand, by jumping or rolling on him."

CONTRACTS HER POWERS.—It is the custom among a certain caste of Hindoos to cut off at the first joint the third and fourth fingers of a woman who is about to marry. This very much lessens the hair-pulling power of the Hindoo woman, and renders her grasp upon the handle of a broomstick exceedingly uncertain, so that even the Hindoo married men possess advantages that are forbidden their civilized brethren.

INDIAN NAMES.—The Commission employed to take a census of the Umatilla Indians finds the following to be the translation of some of their names: Rough and Noisy—names of two boys; Tree-shaken-by-wind, Cry-all-the-time—women's names; One-who-starts-to-go-one-place-and-then-goes-another, Grizzly-bear-stepping-on-a-hill—names of men. The names of four women translated were: Rattling-while-running, Dressing-while-running, Afraid-of-a-Yankee, and Throw-a-leg-over-the-moon.

PUNNING ON NAMES.—Isaac Came, a rich shoemaker of Manchester, who left his money to public charities, opened his first shop opposite the building where he had been a servant, and put up a sign which read, "I. Came—from over the way." A somewhat similar one was put up by a tavern-keeper named Danger, near Cambridge, who, having been driven out of his house, built another opposite, and inscribed it, "Danger—from over the way." The successor retorted by putting up a new inscription, "There is no Danger here now."

THE UGLIEST MAN.—The ugliest man in the known world is an Eastern prince. Conscious of his misfortune, no looking-glasses were hung in his palace. Visiting a neighboring prince, the ugliest of men was accompanied by his Vizier, and they came face to face with a mirror, when both burst into tears. "Moderate your grief, my faithful friend," said the Prince, "you see I am quite resigned." "Oh! It is not that, my noble master," replied the Vizier. "You have only seen yourself for a single instant. I have to look at you almost all the time."

LOCUSTS.—The Arabs, when they see a swarm of locusts hovering in the air and clouding the sky, watch them with anxiety, and, when they descend near their habitations, they receive them with shouts of gratitude to God and Mohammed, throw themselves upon the ground, and collect them as fast as possible. The locusts, deprived of their heads, legs and wings, are well-boiled in butter, and served up with a substance called "alcuscus." The Arabs consider them delicious food. Their camels also eat them greedily. The Moors use them to this day by first boiling and then frying them. The Moorish Jews, more provident than their Mussulman neighbors, salt them and keep them for making a dish called "dofina," which forms the Saturday's dinner of the Jewish inhabitants.

"ONO."—Several unfortunate children have, since the beginning of the year, been named Jubilee. A correspondent now tells of another curious Christian name. It is to be found on a Camberwell churchyard on a tombstone, which is sacred to the memory of one Mr. Titchener. There is a tradition to the effect that, at the baptism of this gentleman the god-parents were unable to agree upon a name for the child. One suggested one name, and another exclaimed "O no!" and suggested another; and this kind of thing went on for so long that at last the officiating clergyman, declaring that in spite of themselves the sponsors had come to a unanimous decision, baptised the poor infant Ono. The inscription on Ono Tichener's gravestone can be plainly read from the public footpath which crosses the churchyard.

'TWILL REMIND YOU OF ME.

BY T. MAYNES HARLEY.

'Twill remind you of me—though the token
Is neither of silver or gold,
'Twill remind you of words we have spoken,
How fond must now never be told:
Of the days when I thought your affection
Like mine, everlasting would be:
Yet, though you may fly from reflection,
That still must remind you of me!

'Twill remind you of me—though you shun it,
And throw it aside with disdain,
You will one day look sadly upon it,
And sigh for your first-love again;
That gift will be seen among many,
And mine the least worthy may be,
And yet, perchance, dearer than any,
Because 'twill remind you of me!

'Twill remind you of me—when I'm sleeping
Far off where my forefathers sleep;
When past is my season of weeping,
It grieves me to think you will weep;
You will press to your heart the last token
Of one you can never more see:
'Twill remind you of vows you have broken,
Ah! yes, 'twill remind you of me!

HER BITTER FOE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE ON WHEELS," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "WEDDED HANDS," "THE ORLSTONE SCANDAL," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

SHE had heard. The look she gave him as he again mockingly doffed his hat to her, as he entered the room and leant back in the opposite corner of the broad window-seat, told him that, for it was a bitter look in its scorn, despair, and helplessness.

He smiled. In his discomfiture—his miserable sense of being snared, detected and shamed, it was an absolute pleasure to him to see her suffer, and within his power, which he well knew she did not now dare to defy.

And now he meant to make her feel the full force of it. But she did not understand the significance of what he had just done, he thought, indolently studying the fair face with its scornful expression, the lines of the graceful figure, the coiled crown of rich brown hair.

He had played his game and lost, he thought fiercely—doubly lost, and he set his teeth as he thought of Lord Edyvean; but he would not lose everything.

He had won Nelly once, and why not again? True, she had never loved him, and now she loathed him, but she was in his power, and he had never admired her so much as now.

Yet, for all his admiration, he almost hated her; but he did not falter an instant in his resolution. Leaning back in his easy attitude, he presently said very coolly—he was really speaking out his own thoughts:

"Upon my honor, Nelly, you're handsomer than ever! You were uncommonly pretty two years ago, but not a patch upon what you are now, upon my word! It's a thousand pities that you should be shut up in this hole, and thrown away upon my estimable friend yonder! Confess now—don't you think so?"

Nelly rose. She did not glance at him. Just then it seemed to the tortured girl that so wicked and evil a thing as was this man would poison the very atmosphere of the room.

"Is it your pleasure to insult me further, Mr. Marlingford?" she asked.

"Insult you? My dear girl—certainly not. I was paying you a compliment. I say you must be tired of your life in this humdrum hole. I am sure I am perfectly willing to leave our friend out of the question if you prefer it, and limit it to Bramble Farm. I repeat, you must be tired of it."

Nelly looked at him now.

"Until you entered this house—my home—it was a very heaven to me. Now"—and she flung out her hands with a passionate gesture—"what have you made it to me?"

"Quite the reverse, I daresay," he replied. "I imagine that. In fact, it was partly because I knew that that I was about to say you would no doubt be glad of a chance of quitting it."

"What do you mean?"

"Come, come," he said, and laughed, "you are a great deal too clever not to understand me, Nelly! I was fond enough of you in the past. If it had not been for my cousin Isabel and her money—confound her!—I daresay I should have married you in earnest; and I swear I'm quite as fond of you now, for you are twice as nice as you used to be, as I said. I've lost the game here, but I don't mean to lose everything, and, for reasons which don't matter particularly that I know of"—a black frown furrowed his brow for an instant in spite of himself, but he met her dilating eyes and trembling lips with the same coolly-insolent smile—"I must be out of this place before the end of the week. In fact, the sooner the better."

"Well?" she gasped breathlessly.

"Well," he repeated, with perfect deliberation, "you must come with me, that is all about it. You see——"

He stopped.

Gerard Marlingford was not by any means a coward physically, but he did recoil a pace before the face and gesture with which the girl confronted him. For the moment wrath had swallowed up both shame and fear.

"You!" she cried. "You—you!"

Her voice was choked.

"Oh, Gerard Marlingford, you have crushed me, but not low enough for that last degradation! You! I will live in misery, die in torture; I will see my husband scorn me as I scorn myself—but you!"

She stopped. No scorn or loathing could go farther than did her repetition of that word.

He felt it, for, pale as he was, he grew paler; but he had one card yet in reserve. Did the girl fancy that he meant to spare her? He smiled still.

"So you refuse?" he questioned.

She turned her back upon him without a glance or a syllable.

"Rather rash, I think; but as you please, of course. Women are odd in their ways, I know; but I should certainly have thought that you would have preferred leaving this place voluntarily to—well, being turned out of it. You see, your husband, whose charming simplicity and trustfulness we have both often admired, I am sure, for they are delightful qualities—in other people—has probably still some lingering grains of sense in his head, and when he becomes aware——"

Nelly turned upon him, erect, defiant, quivering; her voice rang out, clear and vibrating.

"Tell him," she said; "but be careful, Gerard Marlingford! You have gone too far and counted upon your power too much. Do your worst—tell my husband; but remember first that it is only word against word. If I have no witnesses, neither have you; if I lack proofs, so also do you. You may affirm, but I shall deny. And which, think you, will Stephen Keene believe—the wife whom he loves and trusts, or you, the man whose character he knows—in part at least."

She stopped, her eyes flashing, her breast heaving; it was to her almost a moment of triumph, for she believed that she had struck a blow which would in a measure disarm her enemy.

But her exultation died away as she saw his face and the mocking smile in the black eyes.

Indeed, Gerard Marlingford almost laughed as he played his last card, dealing a blow which he knew must leave her hopelessly and helplessly at his mercy.

"Tell your husband?" he said slowly. "That will be quite unnecessary."

"What do you mean?"

"Merely that I shall find it quite sufficient to beg him to oblige me by reading those letters which I gave him just now. You saw the little transaction, no doubt?"

"They are Miss Grantham's letters!"

"Oh, dear, no! They are yours."

She sank down upon the window-seat again, looking at him. In the most easy indifferent tone, and playing with the stock of his gun, he went on—

"They are yours. You used to write me tolerably affectionate letters in the old days, you know—almost as affectionate I daresay as the three you wrote to him. I suppose that is another thing which practice improves, by-the-way. But I am afraid it will astonish our worthy rustic when he compares the letters from my loving wife with those of his loving wife, and finds that they are one and the same. It will be a pretty strong thing in some 'proofs,' I fancy, Nelly—strong enough to convince even him. And I am afraid—I really am—that you will hardly find upon your side one powerful enough to controvert it."

He stopped, as if to give her time to answer; but not a word came from her lips. Then sounds were audible — Stephen's cheery voice, and then the thin piping tones of Timothy Twitchett.

They were coming back together round the side of the house. Picking up his gun, Marlingford stepped out of the window as calmly as he had stepped in. Then he paused for a final word.

"You have fought very well, Nelly, and very cleverly, but you see the game plays round into my hands again. Be sensible now. I shall be back again in an hour, I daresay—take that time to consider. If you say 'No,' your husband reads the letters, if you say 'Yes'—well, he will read them all the same, no doubt; but it will be when we are both far enough away from this confounded place. I fancy that in either case you will be glad in the end to take the chance I offer you."

With his gun under his arm, he strolled off lazily towards the white gates, lighting another cigar as he went.

And Stephen Keene, coming up to the window with Timothy Twitchett, was a little surprised to see that his wife had moved away from her seat by the window, and that she was standing by the fire, her back turned towards him.

He had not noticed the figure walking down the path, and he stepped into the room.

"Hallo! Mr. Marlingford off?" he asked, looking round. "Where is he, Nelly? I was longer than I meant to be, but I could not help it. Where is he, my dear?"

"He is waiting for you—at the gate," she managed to answer.

"Oh, got tired of waiting, I suppose!" Stephen evidently was not in a hurry to slaughter the rooks, for he was beginning leisurely to fill his pipe.

"He seems awfully cut up, doesn't he—poor chap?"

She muttered something, but the words died away upon her parched tongue. In ordinary circumstances she would have nestled caressingly to his side—now she shrank away; she did not dare to look at him. She knew how his face looked—his dear face, bright with love for and trust in her. In an hour's time—what then?

"Yes, awfully cut up," he went on; "and, as I said, I didn't think him capable of feeling anything much. But I was always rather a blunderer at understanding people I'm afraid. Well, I like him all the better for it. I like a man who's capable of falling deeply in love once in his life, at any rate. That's a touch of fellow-feeling—eh, Nelly? Did you see what he gave me just now?"

She made a slight movement, and slightly raised her eyes.

He understood the gesture to be a question, and went on, dropping his voice a little, and touching his breast-pocket lightly—

"It is a packet of her old letters—Miss Isabel's, you know. I shouldn't have supposed Mr. Marlingford was the sort of a man to keep old love-letters, I must say; but it seems he has treasured these up about as much as I did yours. He asked me to take care of them for a while, for he doesn't want to burn them."

"Stephen"—with a sudden movement she was clinging to him with eager, beseeching entreaty, her hands upon his breast, her eyes upon his—"burn them, dearest—now! He does not want them—no one wants them—burn them now! Give them to me; I will do it. Oh, my darling, let me burn them now!"

"Burn them? Why, Nelly"—and he looked at her in utter astonishment—"what are you thinking about, my dear? Burn another man's letters—and love letters, too! No, no; that would never do. He'll burn them himself before long, I dare say, but I must not do it. I should get myself in hot water if I did, I suspect. No, I shall keep them until he asks for them. Good-bye, darling, and take care of yourself. I dare say we shall be back in an hour or so, for I don't think he cares much about potting the rooks, and that's the truth."

Nelly let him go without further attempt to detain him. She did not see him go down the path and join Gerard Marlingford at the gates, and then walk away beside him. She saw nothing, heard nothing, and felt nothing.

As she crouched down in Stephen's big chair, she felt a touch upon her hand, and heard her name spoken softly. She looked up. Boodle was gently licking her cold fingers, and Timothy Twitchett was looking at her, pale, trembling, anxious.

"Oh, Timothy"—as she had done upon the night of his first arrival at Bramble Farm, Nelly fell upon her knees at his feet—"oh, Timothy, help me—help me! He has given my letters—my old letters—to my husband, and declares that he shall read them before an hour is out unless I promise to run away with him. Oh, Timothy, dear old friend—help me, save me—save me!"

"My dear, my dear—my little one—my pretty maid!" The old man, pouring out these and other fond ejaculations, clasped in his own her clinging hands, kissed them, and then distractedly ran his fingers through the thin locks of his gray hair. "Nelly, Nelly, what can I do for you, my dear—what can poor old Timothy do?" Then his expression changed, and he went on: "My dear, don't fret—don't you be afraid! I'll do something, old as I am. Your husband sha'n't read the letters. No, no—I'll manage it, Nelly my dear. I'll—I'll—— Why what's this? Who's this that's coming, my dear?"

Old Timothy's tone was startled. Nelly turned mechanically to the window, passing her hand over her dazed eyes, as she looked at the figure coming rapidly up the path towards the door.

"It is Sir John Grantham!" she said.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next moment the Baronet was in the sitting-room, flustered, excited, red-faced, and out of temper. Another gentleman had alighted from the dog-cart, which had stopped at the gates, and had followed the fussy little Baronet up the path and into the house—a handsome, tall, erect old man with a heavy white moustache—Viscount Edyvean.

He looked at Nelly and bowed to her with his old-fashioned courtesy. But he did not recognize in the pale girl with the large wide eyes the young actress who two years before had made such a hit at the Hyperion, and then had suddenly disappeared—to be married, people said.

"Old Edy," who was rather fond of posing as a blase connoisseur who had seen and heard everything and everybody worth hearing or seeing, had often declared himself to be her devoted admirer.

But that was nearly two years ago, and he had seen so many pretty faces and graceful figures since then that now he did not in the least recognize Stephen Keene's wife, in spite of that half recognition outside the fancy-shop in the Upper Street, Islington.

Sir John, in the midst of his angry fluster, shook hands with Nelly kindly. He had always done that since the day when he had first admired her pretty face.

"I beg your pardon, my dear—hope I am not intruding," the little gentleman said, wondering what could be the matter with the girl that her hand should be so deadly cold. "I want to see your husband for a moment. Is he in? I won't keep him long."

Nelly answered that her husband was out, but would not be long. Would Sir John wait?

Sir John thanked her, and replied that he would. He did not take the chair she offered him, but began to walk to and fro upon the rug before the fire, as was his custom when his temper was ruffled. And just now Sir John's temper was very much ruffled.

He had been in an explosive state of mind ever since his discovery of the elopement, and certainly did not mean to soothe himself or allow himself to be soothed. He would never forgive Isabel, he declared. She and her husband might go to perdition.

He would never even see the disobedient, rebellious run-away young hussy, if he lived for a hundred years. She should never touch a penny of his money; he—he he'd get married himself sooner!

Sir John had been raving in this strain all the way from the Hall; and, as Lord Edyvean had, an hour after the elopement was discovered, boldly announced to the Baronet that he "knew all about it," the drive had not been a particularly enjoyable one.

The fiery little gentleman's wild ravings did not affect him; on the contrary, his eyes twinkled and his lips twitched under his moustache as he looked straight at his friend.

Nelly had withdrawn into the shadow of the farther window, and stood leaning against the frame; she could do nothing but wait and listen with clenched hands and teeth. She had forgotten everything but Stephen and what was coming.

"Come Grantham, don't be an ass, you know!" said Lord Edyvean, breaking the silence. "It will play old Harry with that gout of yours, by Jove!"

"Confound the gout, sir!" rejoined Sir John. "Do you think I care about the gout?"

"You'll bring on a fit of apoplexy," said the other coolly—"that's what you'll do, I see! And very pleasant your daughter will think it to have to spoil her honeymoon by coming home to nurse a growling old rogue like you."

"D'ye think the audacious young minx will dare to come near me, sir?" cried Sir John, bringing himself plumply up in the middle of the hearthrug.

"Of course, she will!" returned the Viscount, smiling more and more. "And why not?"

"Why, because if she does she will find out her mistake, sir!" Sir John's style of conversation was rarely elegant, and his excitement rendered it less so than usual. "That's all I can say. A pretty thing, upon my word, if chits of girls are to go prancing off and marrying Heaven knows whom, without consulting her parents! A truly fine state of things, upon my honor! And then she'll come back and ask to be forgiven, I suppose? That will be the next thing?"

"Of course it will," assented the Viscount promptly. "And, of course, you will forgive her. Pooh! You know you will."

"Never, sir!" cried Sir John energetically, and polishing his bald head vehemently with his red silk pocket handkerchief. "Never, sir—no, never!"

"Pooh!" said "old Edy", with a laugh. "You'll do it the very moment she looks at you. You'll make a fine Spartan parent, won't you? I imagine I see you trying it now!"

Indeed the idea of the Baronet trying to enact this inflexible *role* amused his friend exceedingly, and, being blessed with a keen sense of humor, the old gentleman laughed heartily—so heartily that he did not hear when the room door opened with a sharp click, and there entered—bright, handsome, eager, smiling, and most audaciously cool and self-possessed—the runaway pair!

The evening shadows were beginning to gather, and at first Isabel's gray eyes, bright as they were, did not see the two figures by the fire-place; indeed her glance did not go so far, for Nelly had advanced with a faint cry at their entrance, and her eyes did not go beyond her.

Blushing and smiling, she held out her gloved hands and caught Nelly's far too eager and excited just then to notice her pale face.

"Oh, Mrs. Keene, you will forgive me for coming here, won't you?" Isabel cried. "We were going on to the Hall, but my courage failed me at the last moment, and we drove here instead. Do tell me—I am sure you know—is Sir John—my dear old daddy—is he very angry with me?"

"Yes, he is, miss!" growled Sir John from the rug. "Leave me alone Edyvean! Yes, I am angry, miss—more than angry! What do you mean by it—eh?"

Isabel gave a cry of astonishment, dropped Nelly's hands, and for a second stood hesitating.

Then in a moment she was across the room and hugging her father round the neck so tightly that his red face grew several shades deeper in tint.

"Oh, daddy dear, how nice of you to be here waiting for us, when all the while I have been afraid that you were growling at home as cross as a bear, and calling me all sorts of dreadful names! Aren't you glad to see me, and weren't you in a dreadful temper when you found I had run away? It was too bad, I know, but ever so much nicer than pretending I meant to marry Gerard when I wouldn't have done it for the world, now, wasn't it? Because, you know, you had been so dreadfully disagreeable to Marcus that I knew it wasn't of the slightest use for me to tell you how fond I was of him. But you mustn't scold him, I don't allow any one but myself to do that—for he would never have thought of asking me to run away if Lord Edyvean had not told him to. And now that it is all over and done with and can't be helped, and I wouldn't have it helped for the world, you will be kind about it, won't you, daddy dear? Because I am so fond of him, and he is so fond of me, you ask him if he is not. And he is ever so much nicer than

Gerard, really!"

What was Sir John to do? He had not an inch of vantage-ground left, and he knew it.

Isabel's arms were round his neck, her bright eyes gazing into his with coaxing entreaty—an entreaty which was not without a dash of shy audacity too. He thought she had never looked so much like her dead mother.

He felt and looked sheepish; it was really a very disconcerting position for a Spartan parent.

He looked at his friend, but "old Edy" was a great deal too considerate to return the look; he glanced at his daughter's eyes again, and saw that they were brighter than ever, for tears hung upon their black lashes.

The Baronet was not Spartan enough to stand that, and he yielded ignominiously before he could even think of a second speech with which to impress upon the delinquent pair the enormity of their offence.

He embraced and kissed his daughter warmly, and shook hands with Marcus Chalfont—a proceeding of which "old Edy" approved so highly that he first slapped the little Baronet vigorously upon the back, and then laughed tremendously.

And certainly Sir John's high-stepping mare had never exhibited her best paces for the benefit of four happier people than the four which she presently took back to the Hall.

The sitting-room at Bramble Farm grew duskier; it was almost dark, but the girl who stood at the window, her eyes fixed upon the white gates, did not heed.

All but the great horror that overshadowed her was lost just then upon Stephen Keene's wife.

She had but one thought—they would be back directly—the husband she loved and the man she hated; and what then? Her secret would be known, her shame cruelly told, her own written words cited as witnesses against her.

She would not wait for the blow to fall, and for her husband to discard her, she thought in her despair; but, before he came back to the home which her influence was to render stained and desolate, she would rush away somewhere, anywhere—to die, it might be, in some far-off place where he would never find her or be disgraced by her.

But never once, in the faintest, most distant way, did she dream of flying with the man to whom she owed her misery.

By-and-by she heard footsteps and voices in the lane; the white gates opened, and she saw her husband and Gerard come up the path side by side.

Then they stopped, Stephen spoke to his companion, and, turning, disappeared down a side-path, leaving him to advance alone. She had heard her husband's voice, bright, full, and cheerful, and knew that he did not know yet.

She did not draw back or change her posture, even when Gerard entered and stood within a pace of her. Upon his face there was a smile—cruel, conquering, mocking; upon hers, lighted by the rays of the young April moon, nothing—it was blank, rigid.

For the moment the expression impressed even him, but it was only for a moment. He came closer, and his hand touched her shoulder.

"Well, Nelly, it is more than an hour. Which is it—'Yes' or 'No?'"

"'No,'" she answered, hardly above a whisper.

He drew back, his smile changing to a threatening frown.

"You mean that?"

"Yes."

"And you know the consequences?"

"I know them."

She did not denounce or plead or entreat—she knew too well that it would be useless, and she was too dazed and stunned. She turned from him with a shudder, and with a low moaning cry her head dropped upon her hands.

He looked at her, but no impulse to spare her came to him. Then, with a low fierce imprecation, he turned away and left her standing there.

Nelly looked up. Now that he was gone she would have done anything, risked anything to detain him.

She was frantic when she realized that she was alone. She sprang to the window, and then recoiled, seeing that she was too late.

For in the pathway, shining and transfigured in the moonlight, they were standing together.

She saw that Gerard Martingford spoke to her husband, and that the expression upon his brown face changed, that it grew astonished and remonstrating, that the other spoke again eagerly, and that with a look of reluctance and wonder Stephen slowly slipped his hand into his breast-pocket, while Martingford stepped back and watched, with the cruel smile upon his pale face.

Stephen drew out the letters, glanced at them, hesitated, and then, with an impatient gesture, held them out, shaking his head as he so.

Gerard Martingford stepped forward quickly, staggering in making the movement. A dreadful sound broke the stillness of the night—he stumbled and fell. As the cloud of smoke cleared away, and as she saw her husband drop upon his knee and lift the head of her prostrate enemy, her bitter foe, Nelly gave a shriek that echoed through the house, and sank upon the floor in a swoon.

* * * * * *

With a sense of something horrible in the very air around her, and yet with a most blissful knowledge of a terrible danger escaped, and of a relentless enemy rendered helpless, Nelly Keene, two hours later, opened her eyes.

They fell upon the dear familiar room, for she was lying on the old chintz sofa drawn up to the fire. She heard voices, although the speakers stood out of sight, and she tried to sit up as she listened, pushing back the masses of her tangled hair, wondering why it and her forehead were wet.

"I would not have had my wife see such a thing for the world!" her husband was saying in an agitated voice. "It has given me a most awful shock, but it is enough to kill her. She was standing at the window here, looking out; I saw her just as he fell—she must have seen it as plainly as I did—almost."

"It is a most dreadful thing certainly," said the other voice—a grave professional voice; "but you need not be at all alarmed about Mrs. Keene. A mere fainting-fit is not much, you know. This is one of the most extraordinary cases I ever heard of, too. You say he stumbled. Was it over the gun?"

"Upon my word, I don't know how it was!" Stephen responded perplexedly. "It was all so sudden. We had been out rook-shooting, as I told you, and he certainly carried his gun very carelessly—so much so, in fact, that I was nervous once or twice; but I had no idea he would be reckless enough to hold it in that mad fashion when it was loaded."

"Reckless indeed! Did he stumble before it went off?"

"I think so—yes. The fact is this—he had entrusted me with a packet of letters a few hours before, asking me to take care of them until he should reclaim them. I did not care about it, for they were love-letters—Miss Grantham's, in short. It was an odd thing to ask me to do."

"It was odd, certainly," agreed the doctor. "Well?"

"Well, I should have kept them, of course, but that he came down the path again, as I told you, and asked me to give them to him, saying that he should like me to read some of them."

"Queer!" said the doctor musingly. "And did you?"

"Certainly not! I refused, thinking it a strange notion, and because in any circumstances I don't care about reading letters without the writer's knowledge. It was as I handed them back and he stepped forward to take them that he stumbled, and the gun went off."

There was a pause. Nelly's heart began to throb again, and she sank back upon her pillows, still listening eagerly. Then the doctor said questioningly—

"And they were Miss Grantham's letters?"

"Yes—yes he told me that. You are sure that nothing could have been done, doctor?"

"Done! My dear sir, if he was not stone dead by the time he reached the ground, he must have been so two minutes later. He received the full charge in a vital part. You did quite right to send for me, of course; but I could do nothing. Well, I'll break the news at the Hall, as you wish—it had better be done by a medical man, no doubt. You need not be in the least anxious about Mrs. Keene. Good night."

Stephen, showing the doctor out, did not hear a great gasping sigh; but, coming back again and crossing the room softly, his wife threw herself into his arms with a cry and clung to him almost fiercely.

She was shivering from head to foot, her hands as they clasped his neck were ice-cold, the expression of her eyes for an instant alarmed him.

"There—there, Nelly—there, little woman!"

He tried to soothe her almost as he would a frightened child, and laid her gently down upon her pillows again.

"You are all right now, but you mustn't try to talk just yet. My poor little girl, I wouldn't have had you see such a horrible thing for the world!"

She shuddered, hiding her face against his hand.

"Stephen, is he dead?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Quite dead, poor fellow! Don't talk about it, my dear."

"No, no, I will not. We need never speak of it any more; but—but——"

"But what?"

"But those letters, Stephen? You were giving them to him—I saw you. Where are they now? Have you them?"

"No. I thought no more about them. I dropped them, I suppose. I was so horrified about him, poor fellow! We will find them to-morrow, my dear."

A bright light suddenly illumined the room, a great blaze from the fire. Stephen, bending over his wife, did not notice it; but Nelly, looking up, saw the little shrunken figure of Timothy Twitchett standing on the rug.

The old man's eyes caught hers and went back to the fire, looking at the little bundle of scorched and flaming paper which lay upon the coals.

He stirred the fire, the flame shot up again, and, roaring up the wide chimney, carried with it some fluttering fragments of black feathery ash out upon the soft evening air.

[THE END.]

WIFE (looking over bill)—"Do you remember, my dear, how many brook trout you caught on your fishing trip last Saturday?" Husband—"Just twelve; all beauties. Why?" Wife—"The dealer has made a mistake. He only charges for half a dozen."

THE HILL OF LIFE.

A GENTLE ascent led to a lofty eminence, and on the summit was a level plain, of no great extent. The boundaries of it could not indeed be easily ascertained; for as the ascent, on one side, was easy and gradual, so the slope on the other continued almost imperceptible, till it terminated at once in an abrupt declivity.

At the first entrance of the hill, I observed great numbers of infants crawling on beds of primroses, or sleeping on pillows formed by the moss. They frequently smiled, and their sweet countenances seemed to express a complacency and joy in the consciousness of their new existence.

Many indeed wept and wailed, but their sorrow, though pungent, was short, and the sight of a pretty leaf or flower would cause a smile in the midst of their tears; so that nothing was more common than to see two drops trickling down cheeks which were dimpled with smiles.

I was so delighted with the scenes of innocence, that I felt an impulse to go and play with the little tribe, when just as I was advancing I felt a wand gently strike my shoulder, and turning my eyes on one side I beheld a venerable figure, with a white beard, and a gray mantle elegantly thrown around him.

"My son," said he, "I see your curiosity is raised, and I will gratify it; but you must not move from this place, which is the most advantageous spot for the contemplation of the scene before you.

"You hill is the Hill of Life, a pageant which I have raised by the magic influence of this wand, to amuse you with an instructive picture.

"The beauteous innocents, whom you see at the foot of the hill, present you with the idea of angels and cherubs, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Simplicity and innocence are their amiable qualities, and the more of them they retain in their ascent the happier and lovelier shall they be, during the whole of their journey.

"But raise your eyes a little. You see a lively train intent to learn, under the sage instructors who accompany them, the easiest and safest way of ascending and descending the hill which lies before them. They often run from the side of their guide, and lose themselves among the shrubs that blossom around them.

"Some give no ear to instruction, and consequently are continually deviating among thorns, thistles, nettles and brambles. Their errors are at present retrievable, and few fall in the pitfalls with which the hill abounds. Joy illuminates their countenances. Theirs are the ruddy cheek, the sparkling eye, lively spirits and unwearied activity. They retain a great share of the innocence with which they set out, and therefore they are cheerful.

"Enviable age, if reason were mature! But folly, wantonness, frowardness of temper and ignorance greatly interrupt and spoil their enjoyments. Fruits of delicious taste grow around them, and flowrets of the sweetest scent and most beautiful color spring beneath their feet. But they soon grow tired of this lower part of the hill, and ambitiously aspire at higher eminences.

"Behold them a few paces higher. They advance with eagerness, and many of them forsake the guides which have conducted them thus far in their ascent. They hasten in their course, nor do they adhere to the direct road, but deviate without scruple.

"Some indeed return, but the greater part climb the hill by paths of their own choice, full of difficulty and danger. The pitfalls, which are placed in every part of the hill, are here very numerous, and not easily to be avoided by those who forsake the high road. There are indeed no parts of the hill, in which a guide is more necessary than here; nor any, in which the travellers are less inclined to seek his assistance.

"You see the beauty of the blossoms. You hear the music of the birds. All nature seems to conspire in affording delight; but too many of the travellers preserve not that innocence and simplicity, which are necessary to give a taste for the pleasures which are allowed. Instead of plucking the flowers which are known to be safe and salutary, they desire none but such as are poisonous.

"The aspiring ardor of the travellers urges them to continue the ascent, and by this time, you see, they have reached the level summit, where you observe a prodigious crowd, all busy in pursuits of their several objects. Their faces are clouded with care, and in the eagerness of pursuit they neglect those pleasures which lie before them. Most of them have now lost a great share of their original innocence and simplicity, and many of them have lost it entirely.

"And now they begin to descend. Their cheerfulness and alacrity are greatly abated. Many limp, and some already crawl. The numbers diminish almost every step; for the pitfalls are multiplied on this side of the hill, and many of the travellers have neither strength nor sagacity to avoid them.

"Delightful scenes still remain. Fruit in great abundance grows around them. But the greater part, you may remark, are careless of the obvious and natural pleasures, which they might reach and enjoy, and are eagerly digging in the earth for yellow dust, on which they have placed an imaginary value. Behold one who has just procured a load of it, under which he is ready to sink. He totters along in haste to find a hiding-place for it; but before he has found it, himself is hidden from our eyes, for lo! while I speak, he is dropping into a pitfall. Most of his companions will follow him; but you see no one is alarmed by the example. The descent is become very steep and abrupt, and few there are who will reach the bottom of the hill. Of those few not one advances without stumbling on the edge of the pitfalls, from which he can scarcely recover his feeble foot. Ah, while I speak, they are all gone!"

And is this a picture of life? said I; alas! how little do the possessors of it seem to enjoy it! Surely some error must infatuate them all. O say, what it is, that I may avoid it and be happy.

"My son," said my benevolent guide, "do not hastily form an opinion derogatory from the value of life. It is a glorious opportunity afforded by the Creator for the acquisition of happiness. Cast your eyes on yonder plain, which lies at the bottom of the hill, and view the horizon."

I looked, and lo! a cloud tinged with purple and gold, parted in the centre, and displayed a scene, at which my eyes were dazzled.

I closed them awhile, to recover the power of vision, and when I opened them, I saw a figure of a person in whom majesty and benevolence were awfully united. He sat on a throne with every appearance of triumph, and at his feet lay a cross. And I heard a voice saying, "Come again, ye children of men."

And lo, the plain opened in more places than I could number, and myriads started into existence, with bodies beautiful and glorious.

And the voice proceeded, "In my Father's house are many mansions. Ye have all fallen short of the perfection for which ye were created; but some have been less unprofitable servants than others, and to them are allotted the more exalted places of bliss; but there remain mansions appropriated to all the sons of men. I have redeemed the very worst of them from the tyranny of death. Rise therefore to your respective mansions. Enter into the joy of your Lord."

He said; when the sound of instruments sweeter than the unpurged ear ever heard, rang throughout heaven's concave. And the glorified bodies beneath rose like the sun in the east, and took their places in the several planets which form what is called our solar system.

I was transported with the sight, and was going to fall on my knees, and supplicate to be admitted among the aspiring spirits, when, to my mortification, I thought I was suddenly placed on the side of the hill, where I had to climb a steep ascent. I wept bitterly, when my guide remonstrated with me on the unreasonableness of my tears, since none were to be admitted to glory who had not traveled the journey which I had seen so many others travel. "Keep innocence," said he, "do justice, walk humbly."

He said no more, but, preparing to depart, touched me with his rod, and I awoke.

VIC. KNOX.

TRADES UNION.—The various trade societies are the outgrowth of the old English guilds, which originated in the beginning of the eleventh century, and had for their prime objects the relief and support of infirm guild-brothers, the burial of the dead with proper religious services, etc. In time, however, these organisations became better classified and more exclusive. One guild was confined to the merchants, another to the woolen manufacturers, etc., the objects at the same time becoming more comprehensive.

In order to secure skilled workmen and prevent competition with the inexperienced the craftsman secured the passage of apprenticeship laws. In the case of woolen and several other trades, apprentices were required to serve manufacturerers seven years. Employers and employes were then united in their efforts; but, finally, as the manufacturing industries became more profitable and improved, and machinery was introduced, the rich masters withdrew from the craft guild and began to hire children and men who had not served a complete apprenticeship. This action on the part of the employers caused the first "Trade Society" to be formed in 1796. It was called the Institution, and had for it members against the encroachments of capitalists, and the securing of the passage of stricter apprenticeship laws. Since that time the trades unions have increased in number and membership, until they include nearly all the craftsmen of England, and from protective associations they have grown into societies for the general improvement of the condition of the laboring classes. To its efforts mainly are due the passage of the eight-hour law of Great Britain, and of the statue granting the Saturday half-holiday. In this country similar organizations are found, especially in large cities, and to them nearly all the working men belong.

MAKING CAMPHOR.—Camphor is made in Japan in this way: After a tree is felled to the earth, it is cut into chips, which are laid in a tub over a large iron pot partially filled with water, and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises, and heating the chips generates oil and camphor. Of course, the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The compartment is supplied with a straw layer, which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs, and is ready for market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes.

WITHERED ROSES.

BY T. S. S.

Let us talk of the past, and forget
For a while all the gloom of the present;
There is a pleasure in store for us yet,
While discoursing of days that were pleasant.

Let no thought of the future intrude,
And when mem'ry her portals unloses,
Then our path for a time will be strewed
With the sweet leaves of long-withered roses.

Let us talk of the past, and rejoice
While we seem to view far-distant faces,
While we list to some long silent voice,
And look round on youth's favorite places.

Every gleam of the present exclude
While the sense of its anguish reposes,
Then our path for a time will be strewed
With the sweet leaves of long withered roses.

FOUND AT LAST.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER IV.

HE had accomplished the first part of his hard task, and he felt assured that before the year was out Mr. Ormond would be completely reconciled to Dick. He found pleasure in thinking that he had contributed in some measure towards Lucie's happiness; and yet, as he passed from the library to her bouboir, Pate thought his feet were very unlike the winged ones of love's messenger, for they were heavy as lead.

Lucie was alarmed by his expression when he entered her room, for, judging by it, his mission appeared to have been a failure.

He quickly relieved her of doubt, and the sight of her joy was an exceeding great reward to him. She took it for granted that everything was finally arranged, in spite of Pate's endeavor to make it clear that her father's concession extended no further than a promise to suspend his decision for twelve months if she asked him to do so.

"But that is everything, dear Mr. Smith, and—oh, I am so grateful to you, that I don't know what to say, or how I shall ever be able to thank you enough," she exclaimed gleefully, and in the buoyant gladness of the moment she was inclined to kiss him.

"Everything is not quite settled yet," he said, his face brightening as if her enthusiasm was reflected on it. "However, you have now the big comfort of hope to carry you along during your year of trial."

So long as he remained in her presence he was content and insensible to pain, but when he left he passed into darkness again, and all the philosophy at his command failed to conjure forth one single ray of light.

He abused himself for his folly; he blamed himself bitterly for his blindness to what had been going on under his nose.

Love is blind, and maybe that was why she had always appeared to him fancy free, although he had been aware that there were many wishful to win her. How had he been so blind?

And could he have helped himself even if his eyes had been wide open, seeing and understanding all? No, he could not have helped himself.

He would have loved her as deeply and devoutly as he did now, even if he had been fully aware all along that her heart was already occupied.

He did not look at his picture during that long dark evening; he did not light the lamps in his studio, although he remained there till a late hour, alone with his great sorrow.

The Art world talked much of his brilliant career, and predicted still higher triumphs for him. He heard the echoes of the babble, and it had been pleasing to his soul.

Now these echoes were like the mocking laughter of the scornful as he sat there in the dark, weighed down by the consciousness that this career was at an end, that his life was a failure—a failure the more marked and bitter because he had so nearly touched the apex.

* * * * * *

Mr. Ormond arrived punctually at the appointed time, and with his own hands placed his treasure on an easel, carefully arranging it in the most favorable light. Soon after eleven Dick lounged into the studio, pipe in mouth as usual.

He was greeted with formal politeness by the virtuoso, who was inwardly chuckling at the surprise which was in store for the young fellow if he had any artistic instincts at all.

"This is what I sent for you to come and see," said Pate, pointing to the treasure, whilst its proud owner stood aside, watching Dick's countenance. "What do you think of it?"

Dick certainly did look a little surprised when he first glanced at the picture, but presently the expression changed to one of indifference.

"Not badly done," he observed, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Not badly done!"

For the life of him Mr. Ormond could not refrain from that ejaculation of great horror.

"What do you mean?" queried Pate hastily, alarmed lest his friend was about to say something which would raise an insurmountable barrier between him and Lucie. "Is it not a Turner?"

Dick looked at him sharply.

"I hope you have not been speculating on it as an original, Pate. It is such a clever copy, that it would have taken me in if I had not recently seen the real thing in that dungeon of a place at Burlington House, where a lot of first-rate stuff is hidden away from ordinary mortals who do not care to take the trouble of hunting it up."

"A copy?" said Pate, scrutinizing the picture more closely than he had yet done. He saw that Dick was right.

"Undoubtedly a copy, but I wonder the poor beggar who could do this had not the pluck or the opportunity to produce something of his own."

Mr. Ormond turned on his heel and, without a word, quitted the studio. Pate started, and hurried after him, overtaking him at about half a dozen paces from the studio-door.

"I am sorry for this disappointment," he said quickly, "but you have had a proof of Musgrave's discernment."

Mr. Ormond was overflowing with indignation. What? His matchless Turner to be pronounced a mere copy by this whisper-snapper of a tiro? The fellow's presumption was insufferable. But he contrived to keep his wrath within bounds.

"I am not aware of any disappointment on my part," he responded coldly. "It is you, Smith, who must feel disappointed, for you see the young man has shown himself incapable of recognizing a masterpiece when he sees one."

"You don't mean to say that you believe him to be wrong after he has told where to find the original picture?" said Pate, astounded by Mr. Ormond's obstinacy.

"I do, for you are forgetting the possibility of the master having painted a replica of his picture. The one I possess may even be the first sketch whilst the finished work is at Burlington House. There would be nothing extraordinary in that."

Pate saw that any attempt to argue with his friend in his present mood would be useless; but he was anxious to save him from the humiliation and ridicule which would fall upon him, if, after vaunting about the picture, Dick should prove to be right.

"Well, there is a simple way of satisfying ourselves," he observed good-humoredly. "Let us go and see the other picture, so that we may be able to compare the two."

Mr. Ormond was calmer now, and perceived the value of this suggestion. It would never do for him to perpetrate such an egregious blunder as he would do if by any chance Musgrave should not be mistaken.

"A good idea, easily carried out," he said, after a brief pause. "By all means let us go."

"I shall be ready in five minutes."

The result of the visit to Burlington House was that Mr. Ormond grudgingly acknowledged that his "artistic instincts" had for once betrayed him into an erroneous judgment.

Pate endeavored to instil as much sweetness as possible into the gall of chagrin which the virtuoso experienced, but received only cold expressions of gratitude in return for his labor.

Mr. Ormond said little, and even pretended to hesitate in making the final admission that he was convinced of being at fault.

He was, however, secretly thankful that the discovery had been made before he exhibited the picture to the cognoscenti he had intended to invite to his house for that purpose.

He was heartily glad to have escaped being laughed at and to have saved his reputation (very great in his own estimation) as a connoisseur. Still, for a space, he inwardly resented the services of the two men who had rescued him.

"By the way, do you care to retain the picture?" Pate inquired, as they were about to separate.

"I don't want to see it again," answered Mr. Ormond, as severely as if instead of imposing on himself some one else had imposed on him. "Keep it or burn it—do what you like with it."

"All right. Then, as Musgrave does not know who owns the picture, I can tell him it is mine and that it was put before him as a test. So nobody but you and I need ever learn how near we came to making fools of ourselves."

Pate, in this generous way taking a share in the mistake, did more to soothe the wounded vanity of his old friend than could have been done by the most strenuous protestations of unshaken confidence in his artistic acumen.

The relief was so great that it shortened the period of Mr. Ormond's resentment, and in some mysterious way gradually moderated the severity of his criticisms on Musgrave's work, and, indeed, rendered him less dogmatic in his opinions generally as to the merits of young artists.

Lucie was sensible of the change, and communicated her impression to Dick, who was at first sceptical of any alteration in her father's sentiments so far as they related to him.

But he gradually came to the conclusion that Mr. Ormond was not sustaining the part of the tyrannical parent with energy or vigilance; for he continued as formerly to bring his daughter to the "private view" days of the various exhibitions, to conversaziones and dinner-parties, where he must have known that Lucie was certain to meet Dick, and could not avoid being civil to him.

Dick was puzzled; and most puzzled when Lucie, almost crying for joy, whispered to him that he might again call at the house in Kensington Gardens.

"That is good news, and, since he has yielded so far, who knows but he may by-and-by consent to accept me as his son-in-law? Now, let me tell you I have been working very hard——"

"I was sure of that, Dick, and you will succeed, for Mr. Smith says you will."

"Yes, Pate says it, and he has kept me up to the mark of hope many a time when I have been so bad as to think of making a bonfire of canvas, paints, and brushes, and cremating myself in it. . . . We laugh at that, but, Lucie, the bitterness of feeling that your father was against us has put ugly thoughts into my head many a time. Pate has saved me from myself, and now I begin to believe that everything will come about exactly as he has predicted."

"He has kept me in good spirits too, and has always given me some hint regarding the invitations to be accepted, so that we might meet."

"Ah, now I understand why he is always so particular in asking me what I was doing with myself, and in forcing me to get out of my shell many a time when it would have pleased me best to remain in it. Dear old chap, how kind he has been to us!"

"He has, indeed."

They admired him; they were profoundly grateful to him; and yet neither had the slightest suspicion of what a sacrifice the "dear old chap" had made for her sake.

They, in their gladness of renewed hope, did not know how hard Pate in his loneliness was working for them; how he took every opportunity of leading the conversation of men whose opinion he had no doubt would impress Mr. Ormond, to the young artist's work, and how glad he was when that opinion happened to be appreciative—as it was in most instances.

Lucie and Dick could not see the darkened studio and the solitary figure sitting there exhausted by the effort to smile and speak lightly whilst the heavy heart was wearying for the completion of the sore task he had undertaken and yearning to be at rest.

Mysie Cameron was in a perpetual state of irritation and dismay at the entire failure of Pate's appetite.

She strove by every device of culinary art known to her to tempt him to eat, but without success.

She provided a perfect haggis for him—and the preparation of that "chieftain of the puddin' race" is no slight achievement—but he barely tasted it. Then Mysie's fears on his account found vent in wrath.

"It's just clean ridiculous the way you are treating yourself," was her exasperated utterance. "Nae breakfast, nae dinner, and nae supper. How can you expeck to be fit for your work?"

"You must make allowances," Pate would answer with a reassuring smile; "I am obliged to attend so many dinners and suppers just now that they spoil my appetite at home."

"Eh, but I wuss your puir mither was wi' us enow; for I'm dohbtin' there's something mair nor your outbye denners and suppers that's settin' you wrang a'thegither. Noo, Pate, as she is no wi' us, it behoves me to put you solemnly in mind o' the doctor's warnin' that your heart wasna' gangin' right, and that if you werena very careful, you would hae a heap o' fash wi' it. That was precesely what he said in my ain presence."

"The doctor was nearer the mark that time than he thought, Mysie. However, I shall be careful, and maybe I shall be able to satisfy you some day by coming in hungry."

"If you want to do that, you had better no' sit ase late in your outhouse at nights."

The outhouse was Mysie's term for the studio. She shook her head until the frils of her old-fashioned cap trembled with pity for the puir loon (she still regarded him as a boy) "that was sae far left to himself as not to be able to take his vittles—no, even when a real haggis was set afore him."

Pate went on his own sad way, happy only when doing something that would please Lucie; and he knew that he could please her most by helping Dick forward.

The latter had never yet spoken to him of his love for the virtuoso's daughter, although communicative enough on every other subject; and Pate had shrunk from seeking his confidence on this one.

Indeed, he doubted his capability to listen composedly to the jubilant hopes which he supposed every successful wooer expressed when discoursing of his mistress.

And of course Dick was a successful wooer, for he had won the girl although he had yet to win the father.

He rejoiced to note the rapid strides Dick was making in the command of color, tone, expression, and harmony; and he understood the source of his inspiration. He too, under the same influence, would have risen far above anything he had yet achieved; but he had reached his height and could go no farther.

Yet he could find pleasure in watching the happy youth standing in the glorious dawn of success in love and work; and the pleasure was intensified by the happiness which his good reports afforded Lucie.

He was thinking of these things one day about a year after the discovery of Mr. Ormond's blunder regarding the supposed Turner.

He was in Dick's studio, gravely studying a picture to which the young artist had just given what he believed would be his last touch.

It represented the figure of a tall, graceful girl, standing on a rocky promontory, gazing seaward. There were dark clouds overhead, and angry waves beat foamingly against the rocks.

But in the distance the clouds were scattering before a great halo of light, and the white sails of a ship were rising above the horizon. The painter had called it "Waiting."

Dick was standing by, silent for once; smoking and eagerly watching the face of his friend. At length his eagerness to hear the verdict forced him to speak.

"Well, does it satisfy you?"

"It does," answered Pate, simply, but warmly. "With this picture you will make your mark, or I know nothing of painting."

Dick laughed huskily—he was almost choking with joy, and, if it had not been unmanly, he would have sobbed rather than laughed. He knew how to value Pate's few earnest words.

"That is not my work," he said impulsively; "it is here, it is Lucie's. It is her spirit which guided hand and eye, and—soul."

There was nothing of the careless easy-going lounger in the studios about the man who spoke thus. His real nature asserted itself, and the earnest worker, with high aims and courage, was revealed.

His airs of affectation and indifference dropped from him like a cloak which had temporarily disguised him.

"I knew it," rejoined Pate, with a gratified smile; "and when I predicted that you had the stuff in you, I counted as much upon the inspiration you would derive from her as upon your own gifts. You have won her. I hope, nay, I believe, you will be happy."

"We think so too; and we know how much you have helped us."

He was as deeply grateful as if he had really known all that Pate had done for them; but here he was like the blind man in the old school-book fable who was constantly saying "I see, I see," but he did not see at all for all that. This was the only conversation the two men ever held about Lucie.

The "private view" day at the Academy collected as usual a crowd of notabilities in art, literature, science, and fashion.

Mr. Ormond was there; and Pate, knowing him to be apt on these occasions to spend more time in talking to the distinguished people he met than in looking at the pictures, took him by the arm after allowing him to range about in the galleries for an hour or so.

Leading him towards the place where Dick's picture hung on the line, he made a pretence of directing his attention to a small canvas which hung above it.

"But what's this that everybody seems to be so much interested in?" queried Mr. Ormond, endeavoring to see over the heads of the admiring group.

"That is the picture of the year," answered Pate; "we will get nearer to it presently."

"Whose is it—what is it?"

"Never mind just now; don't look at your catalogue. Stick to your old rule, and always judge the painting before you ask who is the painter."

Mr. Ormond was as much enraptured with "the picture of the year" as his neighbors, and he had only one improvement to suggest—that a cloud near the light ought to be rendered less opaque. Otherwise it was "undoubtedly a masterpiece."

"Look at your catalogue now," said Pate, quietly.

Mr. Ormond started when he saw the name of the painter, and for a second was half-disposed to think that he had been somehow ill-used, if not betrayed into a too favorable opinion of the work. But this feeling passed quickly, and he spoke good-humoredly:

"Well, Smith, you were right; the fellow is an artist after all. This is the second blow he has given me, and I suppose the third will be that he will carry off my daughter."

"I believe you will have reason to be proud of her choice."

"Wonderful, wonderful!" muttered Mr. Ormond, still gazing at the picture. "I never thought there was half so much in him."

Having thus surrendered unconditionally, he was yet anxious to prove to his prospective son-in-law that he could appreciate good work even when it was produced by a man against whom he was prejudiced.

He would encourage the painter; he would be, as he always had been, the generous patron of talent; he would at once buy the picture.

He would give a good price for it—say a couple of hundred; and the immediate sale of a picture by an unknown artist at such a price would greatly enhance the value of his future productions.

He confided this magnanimous project to Pate, whose honest face beamed with as much satisfaction as if he himself had been the unknown artist destined to receive the prompt acknowledgment of his merit.

"As we would say in the North, Ormond," he said, pressing his old friend's arm, "you are a real guid sowl; but you will not be sorry to learn that you are too late. The picture has been already bought by the Council for the Academy under the terms of the Chantrey bequest."

Mr. Ormond dropped his spectacles and stared at Pate in blank astonishment.

"What! bought by the Council? How much have they given?"

"I understand it is seven hundred."

Mr. Ormond was silent. He was thunderstruck, not merely by this bound into popularity of the man whose character he

had misunderstood, but by the proof of how blind a man might become under the influence of misapprehension.

He was unhappy in spite of all Pate's efforts to console him with assurances that there was nothing uncommon in his mistake about Dick's gifts, until he met that lucky fellow in the vestibule.

"I congratulate you," said Mr. Ormond, cordially, although with a degree of awkwardness. "I have been unjust in my estimate of your——"

"I wish you would not say any more," interrupted Dick, frankly. "If you had held out against me, that picture would never have been finished. But you did not do that. You permitted me to see Lucie, and so the work was done. Now, perhaps you will allow Lucie and me to have our own way?"

There was a good-humored smile on the faces of the three men; and that evening Lucie thought she had entered the realms of paradise as she sat at the dinner with Dick by her side—her betrothed husband.

The wedding was a quiet one, notwithstanding Mr. Ormond's ambition that on this occasion his own glory as a discoverer of genius in unexpected paths should shine forth and illumine his son-in-law, of whom he was "proud, sir, proud beyond expression, and glad that he had wealth enough to enable the young man to devote himself to the highest development of his genius, unfettered by the bitter necessity to produce pot-boilers—a necessity which rapidly and inevitably degrades the ardent spirit of the artist to the level of the huckster."

These were fine phrases for the ears of the dilettanti; but Pate would have answered that the real artist would show himself even in "pot-boilers."

At present, however, he was in no humor to argue with his friend, even if he had thought it possible to convert him from the religion of platitudes.

Very quietly he acted as Dick's groomsman; and when he was saying good-bye to the man and wife, as they sat in the carriage, he touched Lucie's hand with his lips.

To the few who observed the action it seemed a rather comical piece of old-fashioned courtesy; but to Lucie it was like a tender benediction.

They started for a long tour in the East—a tour which Dick had for years contemplated making, and now he was beginning it in the hour of supreme happiness with the only companion he would have chosen had his choice been allowed to range over the whole world.

Pate went back to his lonely studio; and, for the first time since that day on which he had awakened from what he now regarded as a foolish dream, he opened the case of the unfinished picture.

Day after day he sat before it, touching here and retouching there with a tenderness that suggested love.

He seemed to look upon it as a living thing, so sensitive that it might be marred by the faintest touch of the brush or by a rude breath.

The feeling of disappointment with which he had always hitherto turned away from the task was gradually subsiding under some chastening spiritual influence he did not understand. He knew only that the "something" he had so long sought was distinctly coming within reach.

He recalled the grand theory he used to hold about Art being its own consolation for all the ill flesh is heir to—hunger and cold included.

Was he to prove by his experience that the theory was correct? Would he find in this work the panacea for the disease vaguely called loss of heart or loss of hope?

He did not know. But he painted and tried hard to catch that ideal "something" which had baffled and eluded him so long.

The picture was only that of the head of a girl; but there was a supernatural beauty in the face; a strange magnetism in the eyes; and yet it was a human face, glowing with sympathy and full of suggestions of a bright spirit which, once stirred with love, loved for ever.

It was the portrait of Lucie as the painter saw her.

He passed across the garden from his cottage to the studio; but he did not go out into the street. His friends at the Hogarth at first presumed that he was off to the North seeking some new subject.

Then it became whispered that he was ill, for several friends had called and were told that he was at home but unable to see any one.

The edict was as peremptory in Mysie Cameron's mouth as if Pate had been the Czar of all the Russias.

He had told her that the only persons he would see were Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave when they returned from their travels. The pragmatical but well-meaning forty-second "kimmen" was dismayed by his singular behavior.

"If you'll neither eat, nor gang out to pick up an appetect for eatin', man, you canna live; I should just like to hae ye at the washin' tub for sax or seven hours, and syne you would take a denner that would satisfee me. Mair nor that, if what the doctors say about your heart being wrang is true, you'll no help it to get right by tasting the way you are doing."

"I'll do my best, Mysie," was the answer she always received; but his best was a very poor thing in her opinion, for he seemed to sit down at the table more to please her than to supply the wants of nature.

"He does it just for form's sake," Mysie said to Mr. Ormond one day, when that gentleman had been particularly inquisitive about Pate's illness and absolute seclusion from all his friends.

"Seems very curious," said Mr. Ormond, much offended, "that he should refuse to see me, when he knows how anxious I am about him. I really must insist upon your telling me who is his medical attendant."

"The doctor, you mean—oh, but he has nae doctor, and winna let me send for one on any account."

"This is most astounding conduct, and we cannot permit it to go on. I must interfere, and I count upon you, Mrs. Cameron, to aid me in compelling him to receive a physician—I shall send one who is his friend and admirer."

Mr. Ormond carried out his resolve, and sent Professor Perrier to the recluse. Perrier was a man who had attained the highest position as an authority on all nervous and mental maladies.

Mysie infringed her orders, and told Pate of his arrival. Pate smiled sadly; he understood that this was no casual visit; but he did not wish to appear too eccentric, and so he said he would see his medical friend.

But instead of inviting him into the studio, as he would have done on former occasions, he went into the house to see him.

There was nothing to be done for him, except to advise exercise, fresh air, and a change of scene.

Pate thanked his friend, and talked about a grand tour round the globe—maybe that would set him up; and he laughed, as the doctor thought, with a sense of relief. But Pate's laugh meant that he was amused at the idea of there being any relief for the malady from which he suffered.

When a man has, willingly or unwillingly, staked his whole fortune on one cast of the die, what remedy is there when he loses?

That was his feeling at the moment, and then came a nobler sense of his own position.

He was not a gambler; he had blundered in forgetting that Art should have been his sole mistress, and that in forsaking her for merely human love he had been false to the creed which had made him what he was.

"Art is its own consolation for every ill," he muttered to himself; and so he painted, still striving after that ideal which had bewitched him.

At length the Musgraves returned from their long tour; Dick with portfolios full of important sketches which he was eager to exhibit to Pate; she with her head full of brilliant ideas which she was anxious to communicate to him.

They were startled by Mr. Ormond's gloomy account of their friend, and proceeded at once to his studio.

Lucie opened the door cautiously, meaning to give Pate a pleasing surprise, and she advanced on tiptoe to where he sat. Dick followed her in the same stealthy fashion, thinking of what a shout of joyful amazement would presently resound through the silent studio.

Pate's elbows were resting on the arms of his chair, palette in one hand, brush in the other, and, with head bowed on his chest, he seemed to be gazing on the work he had finished.

"Oh, how lovely!" exclaimed Lucie as she looked at the picture, and then, placing her hand in wonder on her husband's arm, "Who can it be?"

"It's a portrait of you, and the most marvellous piece of portraiture that ever was done," said Dick enthusiastically. "I can't do anything to touch that, Lucie."

"He must be asleep, or he would have heard us," she said softly. "Shall I waken him?"

"Certainly. He would never forgive us if you did not."

She placed her hands on Pate Smith's shoulders and bent over to waken him with a grateful kiss. But she started back with a frightened look and pallid face, throwing her arms round Dick's neck and sobbing hysterically.

Pate Smith was at rest. He had found the ideal "something" at last, and, finding it, died happy.

[THE END]

HIS DREAM DISPELLED.

A CONSULSHIP sounds very big till you get there. There are innumerable islands in the South Pacific, and tribes who declare war, fight, publish proclamations of defiance, and seem altogether extraordinarily heroic.

A consul was sent to one group whereof his ideal was immense. Kneeling subjects, suppliant chiefs, and trembling kings, with all the attendant gorgeousness and dignity, filled his mind's eye.

He ruined himself on an outfit; laid in an elegant dress suit, a pair of patent leather shoes, white ties, white gloves, and an enormous diamond pin for his shirt front.

Thus equipped he sailed away with all the conscious pride of a representative of a grand monarchy. From the port he landed at he was conveyed in a small sailing vessel to the point of officialdom.

As the ship entered the offing, his national flag gaily flying at the masthead, the white residents of the island came off in a small boat to welcome him. The new official received them affably, was quite amiable, and did not put on too many airs.

"Come on shore with us and we will present you to the king," said the welcomers.

"The king! I can't go up to the palace in this dress. My trunks are in the hold. I can't present myself to the king like this."

"Oh, come with us; that's all right. You can put on all your finery and call on him again. He's waiting for you."

"Waiting for me?"

"Yes; we told him the consul was coming."

"And he's waiting for me? I don't know what to do. I can't keep his Majesty waiting, but I can hardly go up in this dress."

"Oh, that will do. He won't—won't mind."

They tumbled him into the boat and took him on shore. If you've ever tried to step out of a boat on a shelving beach you know how it is yourself.

He did it. He stepped clear into the water and went rolling. Here was a quandary. The residents gathered the wet consul up, took him to a store, and got him into a ten dollar suit, which didn't fit him. It took a long time to argue him into going then. But they would have it, and off they went.

"Look here! I don't feel comfortable at all going up to the palace to make my first appearance as consul in this miserable condition. Where is the palace? Are we near it?"

"Quite. There it is."

He looked and saw a conical mud hut with two square holes on opposite sides, and a gentle smoke floated up through the point of the roof that was apparently a vent-hole.

"What?"

"That's the palace. The king and queen are in there waiting for you."

They entered. In the centre, in what looked like a kind of mire, sat a fat, black, dignified fellow, whose protection from the inclemency of the weather was a wisp of cotton tied around his waist.

By his side sat a small, dark lady of acquiescent, contented mein, whose toilet had all fallen around her waist, too; at least she hadn't any anywhere else.

"Hallo!" said one of the white residents in the language of the country. "Hallo, old chap, how are you?"

Then, much more politely, "This is the new consul."

The new consul, who had been practicing his bow ever since his appointment to the post, made an obeisance, when a pig suddenly ran in by one entrance, skipped between his genuflections, landed him head first in the mire, and skipped out by the opposite hole in the hut.

All dignity was outraged, but the king didn't mind it, nor did the numerous royal family, who lay about promiscuously, without any toilet at all.

"That's all right, old boy," said the resident to the embarrassed consul. "We've got up a ball for you to-night, and you will see the king and queen in style there."

So the consul got his trunk out, got his dress suit, his white tie, his white gloves, and his patent leathers ready and presented himself at the hotel where the ball was to be.

The hotel was a wooden house with a mud roof. The king and queen entered in grand style, with a little more toilet of a loose kind, and the new consul came on with the king's sister, a noble princess, and they all had a royal night of it.

Before the new consul had gone to bed in the morning the Princess Royal returned from the palace, paid him a special call, and solicited his washing.

He does not look for any dignity in his position now. He is looking for profit. A man ought to gain something from being a consul.

OF LEPROSY.—There is no other malady so loathsome and so dreaded among mankind as the terrible disease of leprosy. A little blotch appears, often on the victim's neck. This gradually extending, covers the whole body. Scales drop from the sufferer; his limbs become frightfully swollen, his voice grows hoarse, his eyes almost burst from their sockets, as the irresistible decay saps his life's blood. While thus afflicted the victim suffers no physical inconvenience, except the gradual loss of his limbs.

His body is numb, and he does not feel the hand of the destroyer; his appetite is as good as ever, and he sleeps with as much relish as he did when he was in health.

But in Eastern countries that which is almost as unbearable as the disease itself is the leper's exclusion from society; even from that of his nearest relatives.

In most countries leprosy operates as a divorce between husband and wife. Although it does not fill the air with contagion, yet the possible inoculation by personal contact or by handling the same objects has led to the banishment of lepers not only from communities, but from their homes. Whatever discussion may still be maintained as to the contagiousness of leprosy, there exists no reasonable doubt of its transmission by heredity or licentiousness. During the past twenty years the Hawaiian Islands have received a large influx of Chinese coolies of the basest sort. Many of these associated with the lower classes of natives, and in 1868 the authorities awakened to the fact that leprosy was spreading at an alarming rate.

They determined on the Asiatic remedy of isolation. The western portion of the island of Molokai was selected for this purpose, and here to-day are found over 2,000 lepers shut out from all hope of ever seeing their friends, unless the latter become similarly afflicted. Three times a week a steamer visits the island, carrying provisions and mails and the latest victims.

THE great trouble with men who borrow from Peter to pay Paul is that they don't pay Paul.

Scientific and Useful.

MAIL ADDRESSES.—Agitation for a revolution in the manner of addressing mail matter is going on in Chicago. The new plan provides for the reverse of the present order of addressing—instead of the person's name coming first, is that of the country, followed by the State, then city and street, and last the person's name. The papers there have interviewed many postoffice attachees on the scheme, and, while several approve of it on the score that it would expedite in casing, others pronounce it worthless.

TRANSFERRING ENGRAVINGS.—It is said that steel engravings may be transferred on white paper as follows: Place the engraving a few seconds over the vapor of iodine. Dip a slip of white paper in a weak solution of starch, and, when dry, in a weak solution of oil of vitriol. When again dry, lay a slip upon the engraving and place both for a few minutes under a press. The engraving will be reproduced in all its delicacy and finish. Lithographs and printed matter cannot be so transferred with equal success.

DANGERS OF FOUL AIR.—If the condensed breath collected on the cool window panes of a room where a number of persons have been assembled be burned, a smell as of singed hair will show the presence of organic matter, and if the condensed breath be allowed to remain on the windows for a few days, it will be found on examination with the microscope that it is alive with animalcula. It is the inhalation of air containing such putrescent matter which causes half of the sick-headaches, which might be avoided by a circulation of fresh air.

FLOUR ADULTERATION.—Adulteration of flour by means of potato flour, may be detected with acids. Take a spoonful and pour upon it a little nitric acid; if the flour be of wheat it will change to an orange yellow; if wholly of potato flour the color will not be altered, but the flour formed into a tenacious jelly; if, therefore, the flour be adulterated with potato flour it will not be difficult to decide. Again, take a spoonful of flour, and pour upon it a little muriatic acid; if the flour be pure wheat it will be changed to a deep violet color, without odor; but if potato flour be mixed in it, it will then have an odor like that of rushes.

OIL-LAMPS.—Always fill and trim your oil-lamps by daylight, and see that there is sufficient wick to reach the bottom of the reservoir. Raise the wick slightly above the slot or opening at the top of the cone, and cut it evenly to the same shape as the cone. This prevents the flame "forking". Cut off all the charred and discolored portions of the wick. At each trimming, unscrew the burner, turn it upside down, and tap it sharply on the side with the scissors to remove any particles of the "trimming" that may have fallen into the body of the burner. Keep the top of the wick-tube clean by frequently scraping off the baked oil which surrounds it.

Farm and Garden.

BIRDS.—Use every endeavor to induce the birds to build near the house and barn, as they are the best insect exterminators.

SWINE.—Old sows are usually the best mothers. They will not crush the pigs if given plenty of room in the pen, unless they be in a fat condition, which should not be the case.

THE WEEDS.—As soon as a crop is taken off the first duty is to go over the field and cut down all the weeds, in order to prevent them from seeding. Every weed destroyed before it seeds will save labor.

BUTTER.—One reason that dairy butter does not bring the highest price is because too many farmers keep it in their cellars. A cellar is no place for butter, no matter how clean or well ventilated it may be. There will be more or less odor from the vegetables that the butter will absorb.

CURRANTS.—Currants are growing in popular favor for jellies, jams, and canning. Though less delicate and appetizing in its fresh state as a dessert fruit than the strawberry, on account of its greater acidity, it is this very acidity that gives it value as an appetizer and promoter of health.

TIGHT PENS.—A New York horticultural society decided that hogs are the most economical manure-makers, in cases where the owners have tight pens, and where the refuse matter gathered about the farm, including weeds, sod, forest leaves, etc. is thrown in for the animals to eat and trample upon.

SHEEP-SHEDS.—Sheep that are accustomed to a shed will run to it of their own accord when it rains, and it is well that they should, says a writer. Water never yet did sheep good, externally administered. No sheep is the better for a wetting, but rather worse, no matter what the time of year. The wool in a man's coat is injured by rain, and so, only to a less degree, perhaps, is the living fibre on the sheep's back.

SPECIAL FOODS.—The special foods for causing hens to lay are secret preparations, but the following is considered a good formula: Two pounds each of bone, linseed cake, dried meat, oats, and oyster shells, all finely ground, one ounce sulphur, two ounces red pepper, four ounces each of common salt and copperas, and one ounce of bread soda. Mix the whole thoroughly, and allow a tablespoonful three times a week to each fowl. As the cost of these substances will be but little, quite a large quantity can be made at one time.

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The True Awakening.

In a busy intercourse with the world, and especially in a season of health and prosperity, man is wonderfully prone to fall into such a degree of insensibility in all that relates to religion, as is characterized in the forcible language of Scripture by the appellations of Sleep and Death. If any man gives himself the trouble to recollect the time in which he has scarcely thought of his spiritual state, or thought of it with great indifference, he will find it a very large portion of his existence.

An habitual insensibility becomes very difficult to be removed. It often ends in a disease which may be termed a lethargy; a disease fatal to the spiritual life.

The symptoms of this disease may be easily understood. Men who are seized with it appear totally immersed in the pursuits of worldly objects, either think not at all of religion, or think of it as beneath their serious notice, as fit only to awe fools, or women and children, as an interruption of real and important business in life, by which they always mean the pursuit of pleasure, money, or advancement.

They consider the Sabbath Day as an injurious loss of time, and seldom attend the church. They are extremely apt to cavil at the Scriptures, and ridicule all pious people as weak or enthusiastic.

Other symptoms of this lethargy of the soul might be enumerated, but they are similar to those already specified, and are obvious to observation.

A life, indeed, led without faith and repentance, is a scene of darkness and delusion. To live without God in the spiritual world is like living without the sun in the natural. When the soul is turned away from God a thick darkness overspreads it, and night comes on; but artificial lights are supplied by the world, whose brilliancy is deceitful and of short continuance.

There cannot be a greater misfortune than this spiritual insensibility, and God Almighty suffers it not to become extreme but by man's own voluntary presumption and pride. He sends some affliction, which speaks with a warning voice. It is heard for a moment. It is silent again. The world approaches once more with all its allurements, and the unhappy patient relapses into a fatal security.

Extreme sickness, and the evident approach of death, usually awakens the dull spirit at last; and few, however thoughtless they may have been in life, die without a pious ejaculation.

Sickness, and the dread of dissolution, though efficacious, are painful remedies. How much better to be prepared by reason and reflection; to arise from sleep voluntarily, and without a call so loud and so alarming to the human ear.

The obvious means of resuscitating the sleeping soul are prayer and attention to exhortation. The word of God preached in due season, and attended to with faith and humility, has had wonderful effects on the most obdurate heart. Happy, where the love of the world has not precluded all affection for things sacred and divine.

But the death of some dear relation, some beloved of the soul, is perhaps the most awakening scourge of Providence. Then the feeling heart is exceedingly sorrowful, and learns to look up for comfort to the source of all consolation. Whoever has not worn out his sensibility in the practices of vice must, on such occasions, receive a deep impression. Let it be every one's care to watch, lest the deceits of the world efface it too soon.

Providence gave feelings to man on such occasions productive, when permitted to take effect, of great improvement in all that concerns the state of the soul. These are the things which, if not prevented by our own perverseness, would awaken us from sleep—the sleep of death.

In the entertaining voyages of a great circumnavigator we read that in ascending a mountain in Terra del Fuego a tendency to sleep seized the travelers, almost irresistibly. But if the tendency was indulged, the consequence was death. This strange effect bears a great analogy to what happens in our spiritual journey, our pilgrimage through the world; and all who are wise will avoid that sleep, from which they may wake no more in this world, and wake only at last to misery.

We cannot do a more beneficial service to our fellow-creatures than to admonish them of the danger of falling insensibly, from a love of the world, into this dreadful stupor of the soul.

Thousands and tens of thousands feel themselves perfectly at ease on the subject; but let them beware lest their want of feeling be found the numbness of mortification. The surgeon pronounces the limb safe while pain is felt; but immediately prepares to amputate, or gives up hope of life, on the discontinuance of sensation.

A total freedom from solicitude on the subject of religion is certainly a most alarming symptom; and let us truly awaken in time, lest that wretched permission may be given us, Sleep on now, and take your rest.

THERE are many little things occurring, where there is a family of any size, such as the misplacing of a garment, leaving a door ajar, uttering a thoughtless word—in fact, a great many trivial things that to people inclined to find fault will give plenty of cause. It is a disagreeable thing to find fault—anyway, to most people; yet there are some who seem to like to do it simply for the sake of finding fault. These people do not mean to be chronic fault-finders, and it never occurs to them that they are. They would not for the world be thought disagreeable, and but for this one trait would be generally very pleasant companions. They did not acquire this habit at once; any of their friends will tell you that there was a time when they were not so; but they began by noticing every little failing or supposed failing among their acquaintances, and the habit grew with them until it appeared as part of their nature to notice and condemn every little fault, supposed or real. They are far from being perfect themselves; in truth, they think so much about others' imperfections that they have very little time to attend to their own. They would be grieved and hurt should their friends retaliate by noticing every little eccentricity of theirs; and, perhaps, had their friends the courage to do so, it might open their eyes to the unpleasantness of fault-finding. It certainly would be a disagreeable duty, if duty it might be called, and few people would care to do it, unless of the same stamp as the fault-finders, in which case it would do very little good.

A GOOD all-round education is likely to prove more serviceable to girls in the home and in society than one or two supreme accomplishments. Many of us make the mistake of confounding education with acquirements, and of running together mental development and intellectual specialization. The women of whom we are most proud of in our own history were not remarkable for any special intellectual acquirements so much as for general character and the harmonious working of will and morality.

HOWEVER dreary we may have felt life to be here, yet when that hour comes—the winding up of all things, the last grand rush of darkness on our spirits, the hour of that awful sudden wrench from all we have ever known or loved, the long farewell to sun, moon, stars and light—brother man, we ask you this day, and we ask ourselves humbly and fearfully, "What will then be finished? When it is finished, what will it be? Will it be the butterfly existence of pleasure, the mere life of science, a life of uninterrupted sin and self-gratification, or will it be, 'Father, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do'?"

To converse upon evil-doings, with all their debasing details, lowers the moral tone of all who engage in it. No one rises from such a conversation quite so high-minded, quite so tender-hearted as before. Youth especially, exposed to such influences, quickly learns lessons of gossip and calumny. Except in the rare cases where justice demands investigation, the subject of evil doing may be rightly banished from conversation. Absolute reticence is more effective in diminishing wrong-doing than the strongest showing forth of reprehension.

MAN was never meant to live only on one line, to grow only in one direction; his life may be rich and full, valuable and happy, if he but understand the laws of his being and feed his higher nature as sedulously as he does his physical. As the wise health seeker remembers to fill his lungs with pure and fresh air, so men must let their minds and hearts ever draw in the mental and spiritual atmosphere which they need for their best development and their highest influence.

THE longest life is but a short one; let it not be curtailed by vexing cares and useless regrets because we seem not to have fulfilled our purpose or realized the vision which charmed us at the outset of our journey. A good life we can all lead, and each may do something—maybe not exactly what we would have chosen, but, if it only be something towards lessening "the weight of human woe," we have not lived in vain.

THERE is no house on the shores of time which the waves will not wash away. There is no path here which the foot of disappointment will not tread. There is no sanctuary here which sorrow will not invade. There is a home provided for the soul, but you can reach it only by living for God; to none others than those who thus live will its doors be opened.

THE most truly religious thing that a man can do is to fight his way through habits and deficiencies, and back to pure manlike elements of his nature, which are the ineffaceable traces of the Divine workmanship, and alone really worth fighting for.

AIM at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

YOU are to come to your study as to the table, with a sharp appetite, whereby that which you read may the better digest. He that has no stomach to his book will very hardly thrive upon it.

BY giving fair names to foul actions those who would start at real vice are led to practice its lessons under the guise of truth.

DUTY puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart, maybe—into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.

I HAVE seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.

RICHES are less wealth than is learning, for wisdom cannot be stolen; learning is therefore thy best friend.

LET us take good care of our days, and our years will take care of themselves.

The World's Happenings.

Two mutes were married lately in St. Louis.

Paper hangings were copied from the Chinese.

Chinese laundry rates have been reduced in New York.

Mio, Osgood county, Mich., has a street occupied entirely by Smiths.

Chicago has over 70 shoe factories, employing 12,000 people, to make girls' shoes.

A man in Elizabethport, N. J., who lost a bet of $25 on the Thistle, has since gone crazy.

Joseph M. Douglass, a Virginia City, Nevada, millionaire, has been sent to jail for contempt of court.

A child only 3 years of age was put into jail at St. Augustine, Fla., for stealing four plums from a garden.

The best thing to polish eye-glasses and spectacles with is a bit of newspaper. Moisten the glasses and rub dry.

A bootblack, at Butte, M. T., not over 12 years old, has something over $600 to his credit in one of the city banks.

Dr. J. H. Hall, of Jacksonville, Fla., has offered to give 100,000 acres of pine land in Georgia to evicted Irish families.

Rutland, Ga., has a resident who presented 42 of his friends and relatives with a coffin. His idea in doing so is not given.

Boys between the age of 10 and 18 who will neither work nor go to school are set to work breaking stone at Fulton, Kan.

Miss Nellie King is the crack detective of Minneapolis. She is only 20 years old, but has achieved distinction as a thief-taker.

A man who stole a $20 bill at Albuquerque, N. M., didn't find out that it was counterfeit until he was arrested for trying to pass it.

A witness in a case tried lately in Augusta, Ga., testified that he drinks "in an ordinary day's 'bender'" from 18 to 23 quarts of beer.

A Yale sophomore, who led a party of his classmates in hazing a freshman by painting his legs and feet, has been expelled by the faculty.

A suit in Paterson, N. J., developed the charge that one grave had been sold to three different purchasers and used by each for burial purposes.

For ten dollars, it is said, Francis Genail, who died the other day at the age of 98 years, could once have bought a plot of ground in St. Louis that is now worth $25,000,000.

The names of 36 widows of soldiers who served in the Revolutionary War are still on the rolls of the Pension Office. The average age of the pensioners is 93 1-4 years.

Two boys, aged 14 and 19, recently fought a duel with rifles near Pittsburgh, N. H. A bullet went through the clothes of each, but the participants were not injured.

The defense of a woman on trial in Greensburg, Ind., for killing her husband is that she was made crazy by finding in his pockets love-letters written by a widow.

A thief, who was caught robbing the poor-boxes in a Brooklyn church, has been sentenced to serve a year in prison and pay a fine of $500—the latter insuring his stay for 500 additional days if not paid.

It is stated that plans for the organization of women and girls in trades unions are being quietly perfected at Boston, which city expects to be the pioneer in a movement that it is hoped will spread to other cities.

Last season an amusement manager of Cincinnati attached an electric wire to chairs in the auditorium during an electrical exhibition, and gave each occupant a shock, including one who now brings suit to recover $10,000 damages.

A Sicilian has invented a method by which cremation is accomplished by means of electricity. It requires a dynamo like those employed for arc lights. It is stated that the effect of the intense heat is to vaporize the entire body.

Many Ohio farmers are said to have been caught on promissory notes which they signed while supposing they were only putting their names to pledges presented by a sad-looking man, binding them not to kill any young birds for a year.

A new treatment for consumption is being prescribed by old settlers on the snake-ridden Shawangunk Mountain, in New York, consisting in the patient cutting off the head of a "rattler" and eating what is called the "heart" of the reptile.

The decorations put upon a piano case, shortly to go on exhibition in New York, are said to have made the entire cost of the instrument nearly $60,000. The decorating was done in Europe; the case, though, was made by a New York piano firm.

A Boston man, who had the habit of interjecting the phrase "I believe you" in his conversation, became an embezzler and fled, not long ago, and a hint of his peculiarity was telegraphed West. Within 24 hours a Minnesota detective had the fugitive in custody.

In a Michigan town lately a pal telephoned, in the name of the committing judge, to police headquarters, stating that a prisoner under arrest for drunkenness had paid his fine and should be released. The scheme was discovered as the prisoner was about to obtain his freedom.

Two New York ladies traveling in Europe write home that they have seen the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, Princess of Wales, and the ladies of the Court of Bavaria, and that none of these crowned dames know how to dress. "We are better dressed than they on all occasions," the ladies write.

The real estate craze in California has some curious features. An impecunious San Franciscan who went to Los Angeles in the hope that something would turn up for him, made $1700 in three weeks, it is said, by getting up early in the morning, or staying up all night, to secure the first place in the long line of buyers at some real estate sale and then selling out his chances.

THE STOLEN KISS.

BY W. H. BAILEY.

Nay, lady dear, why dost thou pout?
Oh! why that look offended?
Is my offense so very great,
Too great to be amended?

Is it a crime to kiss thee, dear?
Then am I a transgressor!
Ah! who could keep from kissing thee?
Perhaps some old confessor.

But he who knows Don Cupid's power,
Has seen thy ways so winning,—
Well, kissing may be very wrong,
But, then, it is such sweet sinning!

That dainty pout becomes thee so,
Thine anger does but charm me;
So I must fain kiss thee again,—
Where, sweetheart, can the harm be?

The Mystery at No. 2.

BY SYLVIA.

I HAD been a tenant of No. 1, Sea-View Villas, for four years before No. 2 was let. I had lived there in my solitary old-maidenhood, with the gray surging sea in front, and No. 2 empty and desolate beside me. Side by side the two houses stood, with the little gardens divided by an iron railing. My garden looked trim and tidy, but that of No. 2 was desolate and bare.

I often looked at the house, with all its window-shutters closed, and wondered if I should ever have a next-door neighbor. Month after month went by, however, and "This House to be Let" still remained pasted on the windows. I was almost glad it was so, because, if the house had been let, and the tenants had turned out to be unpleasant people, my position would have been a most uncomfortable one.

It was, therefore, with a feeling of great anxiety that one day I saw, to my surprise, that the bills had disappeared from the windows, which were thrown wide open to let in the air. Very soon the carpets and bedding were dragged out into the little garden to be aired; and a charwoman in a dusty black bonnet appeared on the scene, and a general scouring and scrubbing seemed to be going on. Smoke ascended curling from the chimney-pots, and No. 2 presented an appearance of life at last.

There was no doubt about it—the house must have been let; but who could have taken it at that season of the year? It was the end of October, which was very late for any one to arrive at the seaside. I was quite excited on the subject. The house had been empty for so long, and I led such a quiet lonely life, that even the advent of tenants for No. 2 was an occurrence of no slight importance. Jane, my one domestic, who was an old maid like myself, was equally interested, and, taking advantage of the privilege of an old servant, discussed the subject as she waited on me at my early dinner that same day.

"No. 2 is really taken, ma'am," she said, raising the cover from a dish of mutton cutlets. "The baker's man tells me that the family arrive to-morrow."

"Did you hear who they are, Jane?" I asked, hoping that Jane did not notice how anxious I was.

"No, ma'am; not exactly. The woman that was cleaning the house said she thought the name was Mrs. Carrington."

I shook my head, and commenced to cut up my cat's dinner. I know no one of the name of Carrington.

"It will be pleasant to have neighbors," remarked Jane cheerfully, as she replaced the cutlets with apple-fritters. "Here, puss—here's your dinner! It is to be hoped, ma'am, there will be no dogs or boys coming next door, or poor pussy won't lead an easy life; and she is fond of sunning herself on the steps of No. 2."

"You cannot go there now, my poor cat," I said, feeling suddenly that all our freedom and privacy were about to be destroyed.

Neighbors were decidedly a disadvantage; and I shuddered at the possibility of the arrival of a tribe of noisy rude boys or riotous children. I was old, and I did not like to be put out of my usual way; and, as I went out for my customary afternoon walk along the shore, I looked rather resentfully at the carpets and blankets airing in the October sunshine.

The waves were very quiet—not tossing or rolling, but languidly lapping the beach; and from where I stood I could see Sea-View Villas, with all the windows of No. 2 wide open and the curtains flapping outside. I felt quite cross and out of sorts, for I could not get the idea of a tribe of noisy boys out of my head.

They would be shouting and scrambling and throwing stones at my poor cat, and laughing at me most likely, and turning me into ridicule, as boys are wont to do when they see pious old maids like myself. I felt my cheeks burn with annoyance at the prospect.

Of course I could leave if I did not like the people; but then, on the other hand, the place agreed with me, and I liked the quiet, and the lovely uninterrupted view of the sea. People who live very much alone are apt to get peculiar, and I shuddered at the idea of these strangers disturbing my quiet life.

The next day came. I was sitting at my window, working and looking out at the gray misty waves, when I saw a cab laden with baggage drive up and stop at the gate of No. 2; and I peeped anxiously between the lace curtains to see who and what would emerge from the cab. The driver jumped down and opened the door, and the first to alight was a small young girl of about twenty, who looked very weak and fragile. She lifted out a tiny boy with a sailor-hat surmounting a profusion of yellow curls.

I was glad to see a child—one so young would be only a pleasure—and my visions of noisy boys quite passed out of my mind. Finally out stepped a very tall elderly lady, whose eyes were hidden by a pair of blue spectacles, and whose figure was shrouded in a long cloak. She leaned heavily on a stick and walked awkwardly.

As the trio passed through the gate I caught a glimpse of the younger lady's face. It wore a wistful, nervous expression; and the girl clasped tightly with one hand the arm of the tall old lady, while the little boy clung to her skirts. Was she—that tiny, fragile-looking creature—Mrs. Carrington, and was she the mother of the little boy?

They had no servants, so far as I could see. The cabman took in the luggage, and then drove away; the door of No. 2 closed with a bang, and the new tenants had taken possession. I was greatly relieved to see that they looked so harmless, and felt quite interested in the fragile young woman and the little child. In the evening Jane informed me that the young lady was Mrs. Carrington and the old person was her mother, Mrs. Matthews.

The next day I saw Mrs. Carrington walking with her little boy on the sands. I passed them once or twice, and noticed how very sad she looked, and what a hunted, frightened expression there was in her eyes, and how seldom she smiled, even when her boy went toddling up to her side with bunches of seaweed that he had gathered. Presently she seated herself on the shore, and, with the child playing at her feet, gazed at the sea. Long after I went indoors I could see her sitting in the same place, with her eyes fixed upon the sea.

I left them alone for a week to get settled, and then I called. It was only polite and neighborly to do so, as our two houses were side by side. The little boy was playing in the garden. In days long past children used to be fond of me, and I wondered if I had forgotten my old arts as I looked at the little fellow standing regarding me with a pair of solemn brown eyes. I took out of my pocket a rosy apple.

"Catch!" I cried; and the apple rolled close to his feet.

With a smile dimpling his cheeks, he picked it up after a few moments of shy hesitation.

Mrs. Carrington was at home, the maid informed me; and I was ushered into a small drawing-room which was a facsimile of my own—in size and shape at least; but, while mine was filled with knick-knacks, photographs and other treasures, the drawing-room of No. 2 was as bare as lodging-house rooms generally are.

Mrs. Carrington started up with an exclamation of surprise as I was announced. Her face turned crimson and then white; and again I noticed the peculiar hunted look in her eyes as she glanced over my shoulder towards the door.

"I fear I have startled you, Mrs. Carrington?" I said, as we shook hands; and again she flushed painfully.

"Oh, no; that is, I did not expect we should have any visitors; and, when the door opened, I thought it was Baby coming in, and I was surprised to see a stranger!"

She spoke very quickly, with a nervous tremor in her voice: and I began to wonder if this strange-looking little person was quite right in her head.

"Your little boy is 'Baby,' I presume?" I said, embarking fearlessly upon the subject dear to every mother's heart. "He is a fine little fellow! How old is he?"

"Three," she answered, without further remark, turning her eyes towards the window, whence we could see the child playing on the grass.

"How do you like your house?" I ventured to ask her. "I have been so long in No. 1 that I take quite an interest in No. 2; and you don't know what a relief it was to my mind to see that your family was so small."

"The place seems quiet," she said, with a smile. "I suppose there are not many people here now, so late in the year?"

She looked at me a little anxiously as she asked the question, and I thought she seemed glad when I told her how very empty the place was. After a little more desultory talk—for conversation there could be none while Mrs. Carrington appeared to be so preoccupied—I rose to take my leave, saying—

"I hope that your mother is quite well, and that I shall have the pleasure of seeing her on some future occasion."

Her face suddenly turned pale.

"My mother?" she said wonderingly, and then, blushing violently, added, "Thank you, she is quite well—at least, she is a great invalid, and never sees any one; and—and we came here to be very quiet, and for my little Reggie's health."

Taking this remark as a hint not to call again, I could not help thinking that there was something very mysterious about the new tenants of No. 2.

I did not meet Mrs. Carrington again for some time; I was out walking when she returned my call; and, so far as companionship was concerned, No. 2 might as well have been shut up.

Little Reggie's merry childish laugh would come from the next garden sometimes; and once, when his ball rolled into my domain, I coaxed the little fellow in; and by degrees he took to trotting in every morning, to create a not unpleasant disturbance in my prim house; and I grew very fond of the child, and he of me.

Considering that Mrs. Matthews was such an invalid, it was rather surprising that she usually chose the latter part of the short afternoons in which to take her walks. On the fine sunny mornings she was never visible; but, directly the dusk came on, I used to see her emerging from the house with Mrs. Carrington, and together they would go off along the beach as far as I could see, till they looked like two dots in the dim distance. The elderly woman did not walk like an invalid either, but with a quick firm step.

The idea occurred to me once that very likely she was mad. On one occasion I came upon them both about two miles away from home, and I hurried past, feigning not to see them, for Mrs. Carrington was crying bitterly, with her arms round Mrs. Matthews' neck. What could be the mystery?

I felt sorry for the poor little woman; and then for the first time I wondered why Mr. Carrington never appeared upon the scene. Perhaps her trouble was connected with her husband. Perhaps she had no husband; and, feeling the warm blood rushing to my face, I began to think that perhaps I had been somewhat hasty in calling upon people whom I knew nothing about.

The next day I did not call to little Reggie, though I saw him standing peeping wistfully over the railing. I pretended not to see him, till a small voice said timidly—

"Miss Cark"—which was his way of pronouncing "Miss Clark"—"won't you peak at me?"

His baby-face was quite distressed; and in a minute I had lifted him over the railing, carried him into the house, and called Jane to bring some bread-and-honey. The rest of the morning I spent playing with Master Reggie, and telling him stories of fairies and giants.

One day I met Mrs. Carrington, and she thanked me very sweetly for being so kind to her little boy.

"I am fond of children," I said. "He is such a dear little fellow, you must be very proud of him, Mrs. Carrington."

A gloomy expression came over her face.

"I used to be," she said, half to herself; and then, with a passionate gesture, she added, "and now I often wish he was dead."

She left me abruptly, and I was more than ever confirmed in my opinion that she had no husband. I felt half ashamed of myself the next time I met her, for, looking at her slender left hand, I saw shining upon her finger the emblem of wifehood; so the mystery remained unsolved.

As the winter advanced, I noticed that Mrs. Matthews, though still tall and erect, walked with less firmness, leaning heavily on the shoulder of her daughter; yet every afternoon, as the shadows came over the sea, they both went down the garden-path and out along the beach—always together, never with the child.

He often came in to have tea with me and to play with pussy by the fire; and I grew quite accustomed to seeing his pretty face and his golden curly hair in the firelight—grew to love the baby chattering voice. Then Jane would carry him home well wrapped up in shawls, rosy and drowsy, murmuring, "Coming again to-morrow."

The long winter was pretty well on its way. Christmas, that dreary time for the lonely and troubled, was over, the new year was advancing towards spring sunshine, and still the mystery of No. 2 remained unsolved, and I was no nearer getting friendly with Mrs. Carrington than I had been on the day of her arrival.

Mrs. Matthews walked with a stick now, and seemed bent double with some infirmity. We had a week of terrible weather—such storms as I had never witnessed before—and the fragile Sea-View Villas were shaken to their very foundation. The waves came roaring and howling on to the beach, driven in by the bitter wind that whistled through every crack and cranny—under the door and through the joints of the window-sashes; and all the fires we could make up did not keep the rooms warm.

All that week I did not see my little friend Reggie, and I missed him sorely; but of course he could not venture out in such weather; and, besides, Jane heard that he had a cold; so I sent him in some nice lozenges and some black-currant jelly, and a picture-book I had written to the city for.

One evening the storm seemed worse than ever. I was sitting at my solitary tea-table, listening to the driving rain beating on the window-panes, when I heard the hall-door bell peal twice in rapid succession. I wondered who it could be at that hour.

I was not left long in doubt. A gust of wind howled and shrieked through the house as the hall door was opened, and the storm seemed to rush up the staircase; the candles flickered, windows and doors rattled with the violence of the hurricane, and then Jane appeared, and behind her a woman, wet and dishevelled, with only a shawl round her.

"Mrs. Carrington, what is it?" I cried, thinking at once of my little friend Reggie; and, as if she divined my thought, she said wearily—

"Yes, the child is very ill, and keeps calling for you."

"I will come to him of course," I answered, glad that it was nothing worse. "Dear little fellow—I have missed him so much! Sit down by the fire and drink this hot cup of tea, while I run and get my things on. What is the matter with him, do you know?"

"Croup," replied Mrs. Carrington, looking utterly miserable and heart-broken. "And he seems very bad, and I know nothing of children, and don't know what to do for him."

"Have you sent for the doctor?"

"No," she said, in a confused manner, "I have not. You see we are such complete strangers, and I do not know whom to send to; and, besides, my mother must not be worried."

Mrs. Matthews must be a lunatic, I decided.

"But your child's life!" I said severely, as I hastily took down a medical book from the book-case. "Surely you would consider your child before any one else!"

"I do not know," she cried hopelessly. "I am utterly miserable, and I don't know what to do."

"Well, I will just get my bonnet and cloak, and go and see the child. I had little nephews and nieces once, and I used to know a good deal of their little ailments."

In a few minutes, leaving pussy to the sole enjoyment of the blazing fire and my easy-chair, we went down the stairs and out at the door, battling with the wind and rain along my narrow garden-path. The wind nearly took us off our feet, and the roar of the waves drowned our voices as we struggled along the pathway of No. 2, where, after knocking and ringing for what appeared to be a very long time, the door was opened by Mrs. Matthews, who had a shawl over her head and her blue glasses on.

Mrs. Carrington uttered a cry of alarm, and pushed her back.

"Oh, do go up-stairs!" she said hastily. "Why didn't Mary answer the door?"

"She is with Reggie," replied Mrs. Matthews, in a high-pitched squeaky voice, as we were hurled by a gust of wind into

the hall; and it took our united efforts to close the door again.

"Come to Reggie," whispered Mrs. Carrington, after again urging her mother to go up-stairs.

Poor little fellow; he was sitting in the maid's lap, beside a very low fire, his head upon her shoulder; and, when I heard his poor little hoarse voice, I knew it was croup, and of a very severe kind.

The child held out his arms to me at once, and raised his flushed face to be kissed.

"Give him to me, Mary," I said, "and wrap him in one of his cot-blankets; and then run down and get all the hot water you can. Quick now, for the child is in great danger!"

"The kitchen fire is out, and there is no hot water," answered the maid, with a bewildered air.

"Well, light it at once; and put coal on this fire too," I said.

I then wrapped up little Reggie warmly, and handed him to his mother to hold. She seemed utterly helpless, and could only sit with the boy in her lap and the tears rolling down her face while I went with Mary to the kitchen, and stimulated her feeble energies by assisting to light the fire, which we soon had blazing up.

"Have you any linseed-meal in the house?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, we must manage as well as we can, and send for the doctor in the morning. Run now, and take a deep bath up to the nursery and a blanket!"

"There is only a little bath, ma'am."

"Oh, what a house!" I exclaimed impatiently, as the sound of poor little Reggie's coughing fell upon my ears.

"There is a big bath in Mrs. Matthews's room," remarked Mary hesitatingly.

"Why didn't you say so before, girl? Get it instantly!"

"I can't, ma'am—no one goes into her room but Mrs. Carrington. It is a very queer place, this house is;" and the girl began to cry.

"I will see about it, Mary. You stop crying and take the bellows and blow the fire, while I go up-stairs."

In the nursery I found Mrs. Carrington crying convulsively, with the child in her arms, and Mrs. Matthews bending over both, whispering.

They both started as I entered the room, and Mrs. Carrington looked up appealingly at her mother.

"Oh, do go away, please! You are only making it worse for me to bear. Every hour I will let you know how he is."

"Mrs. Matthews," I began without hesitation, "will you let me have the large bath out of your room? If you will show me the way, I can get it."

Mrs. Matthews said nothing, but looked quickly at Mrs. Carrington, who stood up with poor little Reggie in her arms.

"Take Baby, please, Miss Clark, and I will fetch the bath," she said hastily; and, stretching out her hand, she clutched that of Mrs. Matthews, and dragged her out of the room.

As they passed up the stairs I heard her whisper in an agitated manner—

"Cannot you stay in your own room—for my sake?"

What could it all mean? I had not much time to think, however, for she soon returned with the bath, and for the next hour the poor child occupied all our thoughts.

It was a very severe attack of neglected croup; but fortunately I was just in time with my remedies, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the little fellow fall asleep in his cot after his hot bath.

He seemed better, but the case was critical. His mother and I bent over the little bed and listened to his feverish breathing.

"Will he die?" she asked, with bated breath.

"I trust not; but he is very ill," I replied, with a dull pain at my heart as I realized how fond I had grown of this little child.

I looked at the mother as she sat with her eyes fixed on the small flushed face.

"Mrs. Carrington," I said presently, "of course you know your own affairs best; but, in case Reggie should get worse, would you not like his father to be here?"

This thought entered my head through hearing the poor child call out once or twice in his weak, hoarse little voice for "Daddie, Daddie!"

At my words Mrs. Carrington covered her face with her hands and burst into tears.

"I wish I could tell you all," she sobbed. "Perhaps I may some day—but not yet;" then, looking up with swimming eyes, she added, "I am in sore trouble, Miss Clark—a trouble that haunts me night and day."

"I would help you if I could, believe me," I made answer, feeling that whatever the trouble was this poor little woman was not to blame. I went back to the subject of the child. "I think you must let me send for the doctor in the morning."

"Oh, do you think so?" she asked anxiously. "Is there any necessity? He seems better, poor little dear; and I would rather a stranger did not come near us just now."

"Mrs. Matthews must be mad, and she is afraid the doctor will find it out," I thought; but I only said, "Very well. Of course it must be as you wish, and we need not decide till the morning. And now, Mrs. Carrington, will you please go to bed and leave me to look after Reggie? No, don't say a word; I am used to nursing, and sha'n't feel a bit tired; only please let Mary run in and tell Jane not to expect me home to-night."

After a little remonstrance she consented; and presently a rush of howling wind shook the house and I heard the hall door bang, and I knew that Mary had been sent to No. 1 with my message.

Little Reggie struggled through the night and through two or three days that followed, and during that time my life was bound up in that of the child. I think I was more anxious than his own mother, to whom perhaps the weight of her other trouble made the boy's illness appear light by comparison.

I saw little of Mrs. Matthews, and that was always in the dusk, when she stole in to look at the boy; but I seldom got a glimpse of her face. She seemed to have clear-cut, strongly-marked features; but her eyes were always hidden by the blue spectacles, and she invariably wore a dark knitted shawl, which she held up to her face.

"My mother suffers terribly from neuralgia," Mrs. Carrington remarked, in an evasive manner; and I made no comment.

Mrs. Matthews, tall and gaunt, used to stand in silence over Reggie's bed, bending down to lay her hand upon his hair, but never saying a word to the boy, who seemed afraid of her.

"Go away—you frighten me!" he cried once, with a faint moan.

Mrs. Matthews left the room at once; but Mrs. Carrington ran after her; and I heard her voice in agonized accents exclaiming—

"Darling—my darling, you mustn't mind!"

After that Mrs. Matthews paid no more visits except when the child was asleep, when she would steal in like a grim spectre and look at the boy for perhaps five minutes at a time in absolute silence. Mrs. Carrington would not hear of a doctor being called in. The child would do well enough, she said, and she was sure that I knew as much as any doctor. She seemed so frightened and nervous that I did not press the point, but did whatever my common sense, aided by the medical book, told me; and the result was highly satisfactory.

Reggie recovered under my treatment, and, though he was a pale, thin, ghostly little fellow, began to play about again in a feeble way, and to take interest in toys and picture-books.

I still spent the greater part of every day at No. 2, for the child could not bear me out of his sight; and so, as he seemed to have a strong dislike to his grandmother, I finally persuaded Mrs. Carrington to let me take him home to my own house for a week, for even such a slight change of air would perhaps have a good result; besides, Mrs. Matthews was ill, and Mrs. Carrington could hardly leave her for a moment.

Poor little woman, she looked wretched in those days, with her pale cheeks and heavy eyes—as though a heavy weight of sorrow were upon her mind. I pitied her greatly, and longed to be able to comfort her, when I saw how often her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears.

"Is your mother so very ill?" I asked one day, when Mrs. Carrington appeared with her eyes swollen from crying.

"My mother? What do you mean?" she said, looking at me distractedly; and then, as if recovering her presence of mind, she added, "Yes, very ill; and I am in such trouble that I don't know what to do—oh, such fear and trouble, you could not understand!"

"But, my dear Mrs. Carrington, you will get ill too if you fret and worry yourself like this; and—— Forgive me if I seem intrusive, but I think, if Mrs. Matthews is so very ill, you should certainly summon a doctor."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried excitedly. "Do not bring any doctor here! I couldn't—I dare not!"—her voice sinking to a tremulous whisper.

"Well, you must send for me when you want help," I said, trying to reassure her. "It is one comfort that little Reggie is getting all right; he ate quite a large plate of chicken for his dinner and a custard pudding afterwards, so the little man is recovering his appetite."

A faint smile brightened up the mother's troubled face.

"Poor little Reggie—I am very glad; and I shall never forget your kindness, Miss Clark."

"I wish I could do more," I replied, and watched her as she went back sorrowfully to her own house.

It was two or three days later when one morning Jane came in with a slightly perturbed face.

"A gentleman wishes to see you, ma'am."

She handed me a visiting-card as she spoke. Visitors were rare, and I glanced a little eagerly at the name—"Mr. Daubeney."

That did not help me much. There could be no harm in seeing him, however; very likely it was only some one about the gas, the water-rates, or one of the hundred-and-one matters that bring nondescript individuals to villa residences; so I said calmly—

"Show the gentleman in, Jane," and looked over at little Reggie, who was playing on the rug with a picture-book, and babbling in baby-fashion to himself.

When Mr. Daubeney entered, I rose and bowed. He was a tall middle-aged man with dark hair and eyes.

"I trust, Miss Clark, that you will pardon the liberty I have taken," he began, "but I have a favor to ask."

A favor! What could it be? I ran over various things in my mind. He was not the gas or water-rate man, but he might be a wine-merchant's agent or a collector for a missionary society.

"Pray sit down," I said nervously; and he availed himself of the permission with a smile, little Reggie staring at him as only children can stare.

Mr. Daubeney smiled again as he caught sight of the child.

"Charming little fellow! Won't you come and shake hands, my little man?"

"Reggie not your little man, and Reggie won't!" was the prompt answer; and Mr. Daubeney turned to me with a courteous bow.

"I came simply to crave your permission to sit in your garden and finish a picture I have commenced. It is a sketch of Puffin Rock, and I see that the view from your garden is perfect. I am an artist, madam, as you may suppose."

I did not suppose anything of the kind; and I thought that he could get just as good a view of Puffin Rock from the shore, but did not say so. Still the man could not do any harm by sitting in the garden. He would very likely take cold; but that was no affair of mine. So I gave my consent a little ungraciously; and, after thanking me very profusely, he rose to take leave, once more making some advances towards Reggie.

"A little relative of yours, I presume?" he interrogated.

"No; he is Mrs. Carrington's little boy—our next-door neighbor," I replied, and wondered at the same moment what it could matter to this stranger who the child was.

"Carrington?" he repeated. "Can they be the Carringtons I used to know? Is Mr. Carrington a thin dark man?"

"I have not seen Mr. Carrington," I answered; "and Mrs. Carrington lives with her mother, Mrs. Matthews; but they may be your friends of course."

"Ah, no! They could not be my Carringtons—her mother's name was not Matthews. Thanks for giving me permission to sketch from your garden; and with your leave I will avail myself of it to-morrow."

So saying, he bowed himself out; and on the morrow he sat for two hours in a cold wind, painting most industriously.

"He won't come again," I decided, after that experience of the north-east wind.

But on the following day he again appeared, easel, paint-box and all, and once more took up his station facing the sea.

In the afternoon Mrs. Carrington called to see little Reggie. Finding the stranger in my garden, she paused suddenly, and appeared as if she were going back. She changed her mind, however, and, looking nervously at Mr. Daubeney, hurried past him to the door. Almost immediately afterwards Mr. Daubeney was also announced.

Mrs. Carrington turned ashy pale, and bowed her head over Reggie's golden hair as the child nestled in her lap.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Clark," said Mr. Daubeney, just glancing at Mrs. Carrington's shrinking figure, "but may I ask your servant for a glass of water? My sketches are water-colors, and I find I have come without any of that necessary commodity."

"Certainly, Mr. Daubeney," I replied, ringing the bell.

When he had gone off with his glass of water, Mrs. Carrington raised her head, and asked in a whisper—

"Who is that man?"

"I really don't know—an artist, he says; and he asked leave to paint Puffin Rock from my garden," I returned, wondering at her extreme agitation.

"If I could feel sure," she murmured—"if I could only feel safe for a few short weeks!"—and she burst into tears.

"My dear Mrs. Carrington, what is troubling you?" I asked anxiously. "And what could Mr. Daubeney have to do with you?"

"I don't know," she said, shivering as if from cold or fright.

"He seemed to fancy that you might be friends of his," I said, "when he heard your name first."

"I know!" she replied in a whisper. "I know—I feel that he has come here to watch—to spy. Oh, if we could only have remained hidden a little longer! It can be only a very little time now!"

What could it mean? I pondered her words without arriving at any solution of the difficulty. That her terror was something very real and painful there could be no doubt; but how Mr. Daubeney, daubing away at his pictures, could have anything to do with her passed my comprehension.

Two or three days later I saw a strange man walking up and down in front of No. 2, looking up at the windows, and then strolling on a bit and standing, with his hands in his pockets, staring at the sea. All day he remained about, never going out of sight, and evidently watching something or somebody.

Ought I to warn Mrs. Carrington? I did not like to frighten her; but, when dusk came on, and I could still make out the figure of the man sauntering up and down, I decided that I would run in and give Mrs. Carrington a hint that the house was being watched. So, transferring Reggie to Jane's charge, with a box of beads to thread for his amusement, I went in boldly, walking past the man, who just glanced at me carelessly, and then resumed his pacing up and down.

Mrs. Carrington looked more troubled and unhappy than usual.

"How is Mrs. Matthews?" I asked.

"Much worse. I have been up all night," she answered quietly, her white cheeks and dull heavy eyes confirming her words.

"I wish you would let me send for a doctor," I said.

"Impossible!" she replied hastily. "No doctor could do any good; and yet, oh, it is a terrible burden to bear all alone and in silence! I think sometimes that I shall go mad!"

"Dear Mrs. Carrington," I said, taking her hand in mine, "I do not seek to pry into your troubles; but I came in here to-night to tell you—mind, there may be nothing in it—that a strange man has been walking up and down outside your house all day."

"I know—I have seen him," she answered quietly. "It can be only a few days, and then no power on earth can harm us any more"—raising her sad beautiful eyes, which had an almost ethereal expression in them. "He will be safe," she said softly; "no one can harm him then."

Of whom was she talking? Was this sweet-faced woman devoid of reason? I could not understand.

The next day she sent for me to go to her at once. When I entered the room where she was sitting, I found that all her usual calmness of manner was gone. She seemed beside herself with grief and terror.

"I must speak to you," she cried—"I must speak to some one! Oh, I dare not be here by myself when the end comes!"

"Tell me your trouble, and it shall be sacred with me," I said solemnly, "and I will help you if I can."

"Alas, no one could help me!" she answered sadly. "But you have a good heart, and I will tell you all."

She sat down on a chair opposite me, with her back to the light, and began her story in a low hurried voice.

"You must know," she said, "that for two or three years before I was married there lived with us a young lady who was under age and an heiress; her name was Sibyl Graham. She was a very beautiful girl, but very wilful, and I do not think that at any time she added much to the happiness of our home; but my mother and I were poor, and we were glad indeed of the money that Miss Graham's guardians paid to us. She had two guardians, one of whom, Mr. Carrington, afterwards became my husband. They used to come pretty often to see their ward, and to know if she was happy and had everything she wanted.

"Sibyl Graham was a very selfish girl. I worshipped her for her beauty, and she made a slave of me—such a willing slave! Of her two guardians she always said she liked Mr. Carrington least. I know she was always quarrelling with him. Mr. Dene—that was the name of the other guardian—was an older and a different sort of man, which might have accounted for her feeling more kindly towards him. Well, the time went on; and, when Sibyl was in one of her cross proud moods, Mr. Carrington used to sit and talk to me. By degrees I found myself watching for his comings; and he always smiled when our eyes met, and we became great friends. Sibyl quarrelled with him more than ever, and never gave in to his opinion in the smallest degree. I suppose you begin to guess the end?

"One day he asked me to be his wife: and I said 'Yes;' we never dreamed of all that was to come afterwards. Sibyl Graham guessed what had happened, I think, the moment she saw me that evening; and her face was pale as she said to me—

"'You have taken him from me!'

"I was always weak and easily frightened, but I think my love made me suddenly strong, for I retorted quite boldly—

"'He was never yours; he never cared for anybody but me; and you know you hated him always!'

"'Hated him!' she cried, in a strange broken-hearted fashion. 'How little you can know of love when you think I hated him—I, who would have died for him'—turning upon me, with her great dark eyes glaring into my face.

"With those words she rushed away; and I was too happy to remember for long anything that she said. So John and I married, and Sibyl Graham was at our wedding, and was the gayest of the gay. But, when we were saying good-bye, she looked steadily into my eyes, and whispered—

"'I hate you!'

"Then she held out her hand to wish my husband good-bye, and I noticed that her face was very pale.

"But I must hurry on and tell you the rest. For two years John I were supremely happy and contented. And then Baby was born; and after that I was happier even than before, for I had two to love instead of one. Suddenly a cloud seemed to come creeping over our lives. Perhaps, if I had not been occupied with Baby so much, I might have noticed sooner how weary and worried my husband often looked, and how rarely he smiled when he came home in the evening; for, being a business-man, of course he went to town every day, and did not come back till night. At last it dawned on me; and one evening, seeing him look worse than usual, I asked if he was ill or if anything troubled him. And he said half evasively, 'No, there is nothing; I have a headache.' After that I watched him closely, and noticed how worn and thin he looked, and how almost imperceptibly we had both grown cold and silent when together.

"'Sibyl will be of age next month,' I said one evening, trying to speak cheerfully; 'and then, John, you will have one trouble the less when your ward is off your hands.'

"I wondered why my simple words should have brought a troubled, scared look into his eyes. Ah, I knew soon enough! With Sibyl Graham's birthday came the smash. For days before John looked terribly ill, with an expression of strained anxiety in his eyes; and yet I was afraid to ask him what it meant. He told me himself at last when he broke down, and said that Sibyl Graham's fortune was all gone, and that Mr. Dene, who was joint-trustee with him, had run away before the smash came.

"I hardly understood the terrible mean-

ing that lay behind his words. It was only by degrees that he told me all—how, in his careless way, he had neglected to look as carefully as he ought to have done after his ward's interests, and how Mr. Dene, a daring unscrupulous man, had taken advantage of the weakness of John's character to speculate with Sibyl's money, and had lost every penny of it.

"My husband was not to blame; he was only too easy-going and too indolent to be a business-man, and Mr. Dene deceived him all through. With what agony I realised the fact that John was responsible for the thousands his co-trustee had lost!

"'They can't do anything to you, dear,' I said, with my heart full of an unknown fear; and he smiled his tired, weary smile, and answered:

"'Yes, wife, I am innocent; but I cannot prove it, and so I can be punished. You see Dene has run away; and, if it were not for you and the child, I should not much care.'

"Oh, it was an awful time! And what could we do? They say women's wits are strong, but I think it is love that makes them so. What I had heard was bad enough; but my husband had worse news in store for me, which, when I heard it, made me feel as though I had gone through the bitterness of death. And yet it was what many wives must have gone through before—at least, surely some other wife must have felt as I felt when he told me gently—oh, so gently!—that there was something he had kept from me for months—that he was dying day by day of an incurable disease.

"'That is why, my wife,' he said sadly, 'I became careless about matters, and left it all to Dene. You see I had no strength or energy for anything, and I trusted everything to him.'

"Miss Clark, you can understand what a time that was for me when he told me he was dying. Ruin and disgrace seemed light in comparison. Dying—and I loved him so! But, when I looked up again in the twilight, after a silence in which our two hearts were nearly breaking with sorrow, my mind was made up—no one should take him from me. The law might be strong, but a wife's love was stronger still.

"And so, when, after two days of unutterable terror and anguish, during which I had seen my husband's name in the papers and found that disgrace had fallen on us, Sibyl Graham came to my house to glory in her revenge, she found only a frail old lady sitting by the fire, who remained silent while the girl who said she would have died for him, swore before Heaven that she would take no rest by night or day until she saw him in the felon's dock.

"I ordered her from my house. Oh, I cannot tell you of the plotting and the planning, of the heart that sickened with terror when the police came to arrest my husband, and found only the same old lady comforting the wretched wife! Miss Clark, have you not guessed—do you not know that the old lady up-stairs is not my mother, but my husband—and that the police are looking for him still, and"—pointing to the man waiting outside—"have nearly found him at last?"

As Mrs. Carrington finished, her story she burst into tears. I was only an old maid, but I cried bitterly too, for it was a sad story, and made my heart ache for the poor wife.

"Will you come up and see him?" she asked at last, in a whisper, while her tears fell fast; and then almost a smile crept into her poor wan face as she added, "I think he will have gone home before they find him."

I stayed with her to the end, which came that evening, as the night-wind moaned over the sea. I hid my face as the husband and wife took a last long farewell, and I held poor frightened little Reggie to receive his last kiss. And so all the mystery was over, and the pale moonlight shone through the window upon a thin, white face, from which the lines of suffering were fading for ever.

The next day the blind flapped against the framework of the open window where the dead man lay. I looked up at it sadly, and whispered to the boy in my arms that "papa" was in heaven. Even as I spoke a cab pulled up at the door of No. 2; and I hurried to tell Mrs. Carrington that some one had arrived.

I shall never forget the expression of her face as she glanced out of the window and saw a tall, well-dressed figure getting out of the cab.

"It is Sibyl Graham, come for her revenge," she whispered.

I asked eagerly if I should not spare her the pain of the interview, for following Miss Graham were two men who I guessed were detectives.

"No; let her come," said Mrs. Carrington quietly; and in a few moments they were all in the room, and the young widow went forward to meet them with a pale face.

"You have come for my husband," she said, in a clear voice. "He is up-stairs, will you not come up?"

Miss Graham looked at her with an expression of almost fiendish delight in her eyes.

"At last!" I heard her mutter, as we all followed Mrs. Carrington swiftly up the staircase.

At the closed door she paused for a moment, and then opened it wide, and walked straight up to the bed where he lay in the awful rigidity of death.

The chill of the room, the white draperies, and, above all, the still outline under the sheet, all told their own tale. I saw Sibyl Graham's proud face grow pale with sudden emotion; but the eyes of the smitten wife were shining brightly.

"Here he is," she said, in clear, unfaltering tones, "beyond your power—you cannot harm him now!"—and without a word the newcomers went away one by one.

I lingered for a moment; but Mrs. Carrington, standing beside her dead husband, waved her hand for me to go away as she said:

"Leave me with him."

So I went away softly, and saw Sibyl Graham going slowly down the garden-path, with bowed head. At the gate she turned and gave one long look up at the window, and her face was as white as that of the dead man.

Poor John Carrington was buried, and Mrs. Carrington seemed so homeless and miserable that one day I said to her, when she spoke of going away:

"Will you not come with me, and let us live together in some quiet place? I love your child dearly, and I am only an old maid; it would make me so happy if you would live with me."

So she agreed, and we have lived together ever since; and little Reggie is the joy and sunshine of our life.

THE STYLE IN PERSIA.

THE Persian etiquette concerning women is very strict. In a visit of ceremony no man approaches the anderoon, and he is also careful to avoid the slightest reference to the ladies of the household. Conversation always opens with complimentary inquiries as to the health of the visitor, together with formal compliments, all of which he is expected to reciprocate. But though a wife may be at the point of death it would be a breach of decorum for the male visitor to press inquiry in that direction. The same custom prevails in letter-writing. A Persian letter or dispatch always opens with compliments. In place of our "Dear Sir," a Persian gentleman would commence somewhat in this way. "To the exalted in dignity, to the glorious companion of honor, Mr. Jones! I write to inquire after your health, and am deeply anxious that all your days should pass happily, for you are good and perfect." This is so much a matter of form in all Persian writing, that in Blue Books containing dispatches from the Ameer of Afghanistan, which are usually written in Persian, it may be noticed that every one begins with the words "After compliments," which is sometimes abriged to "A. C."—the irreducible minimum of this oriental fashion.

In no Mohammedan country are domestic slavery and polygamy so general as in Persia. Of course without a large immigration or importation of women, polygamy cannot in any country be universal, for nature provides a practical equality of sexes, and so it happens in Persia that polygamy promotes the appropriation of marriageable women by all but the poorest.

In Persian street and in travel, the women are in the landscape what the black-coated and chimney-potted Europeans are in the street scenery of the western continent. In Persia it is the men who give the beauty of color to the scene, clothed most gracefully in those tints of green and blue, of red and yellow, which the improving taste of Europe has learned to love and to adopt.

In the towns the traveller recognises in the people the characters of the tales of the "Arabian Nights." There is the handsome, stalwart porter, scratching his shaved head, with panting, sunburnt breast, ready for any summons, the veiled that of the veiled and always mysterious lady in blue or black envelope.

There is the merchant from Bagdad or Tapreza, wearing the respectable turban of a pilgrim, or some other mark, to show that he has a right to be greeted in the market place as "Hadji." His green or white turban is spotless and ample, a cloak of fine cloth or cashmere, gold-braided, hangs from his shoulders, and his tunic of purple or green is bound with a costly silken sash of red and yellow, in which, probably, the case containing his reeds and ink-horn, for writing, is thrust like a dagger.

Everywhere is seen the priest, or mollah, mounted, when he can afford to ride, with all the airs of a superior person, upon a white donkey. The tradesmen, all picturesque, sit smoking a "kalian," or reading the Koran upon the front planks of their stalls in the cool—or in winter bitterly cold—bazar, without any more apparent interest in their business than if it were a mere cloak for the supernatural concerns of their life in such another world as that in which moved the genii of those wonderful tales.

Even without magic art there are in Persia always two mysteries. These are the veiled lady and the walled-up house. No foreign may see even the eyes of a Persian woman of the middle and superior classes except by accident. She moves through the streets and bazars, on her white donkey, or on foot, in complete disguise. In all her outdoor life she is a mystery.

WORK AND WORRY.—Work is not only harmless, but beneficial, because it stimulates the organism to recuperate. Worry exhausts not only the power which nature sets apart for action, but the vital strength upon which depends the replenishing of this power; and so by living at high pressure, which means a worried and anxious life, we both spend interest and eat up capital, with the result that nothing less than beggary stares us in the face, and all because we will haste to be rich or famous or great, or in some way prosperous. It would be well worth while to endeavor to teach people to take things easily, and remember that most of the very best things of life, whether of mind, body, or estate, are those which come only to those who can wait, and are not to be had for pushing, hurrying, or struggling.

MAKING UMBRELLAS.—First of all, there are more things necessary to the make-up of an umbrella than one would suppose.

There's the stick, generally of maple or iron wood, ribs, stretchers, and springs of steel; the runner, runner-notch, the ferrule, cap, bands, and tips of brass or nickel; the covering of silk, gingham, alpaca, or the like; the runner-guard of leather, the inside cap and the fancy handle, which may be of oxidized silver, horn, curiously carved wood, mother-of-pearl, or any other substance the cunning artificer can devise or shape.

The runner, ferrule, cap, band and such parts are manufactured elsewhere, and still another factory gets out the steel ribs, that have supplanted the old rattans.

The goods for covering are mostly made in this country, except the fine silks, which are almost all imported from France. Having got together the materials, how does the umbrella get along?

The stick is turned, stained, and polished, the handle put on, the little brass cap on the end is riveted fast, and then two slots are cut in the stick, which receive two springs, over which slides the thingumbob that keeps the umbrella either open or shut.

A band is then fastened on, in which the ends of the ribs of the umbrella are to slip, when it gets ribs.

The frame-maker then takes the stick, fastens the stretcher to the ribs, and strings the top cord of the ribs on a wire which is fitted in the "running-notch". He then strings the lower ends of the "stretchers" on a wire, and fastens them in the "runners", and when both "runners" are securely fixed, he turns it over to the cover-maker.

Around the room are hanging Y-shaped wooden patterns, brass-bound on the corners. The cutter lays his silk or gingham very smoothly out on a long counter, folding it back and forth until there are sixteen thicknesses.

He then takes one of these patterns, lays it on the pile of cloth, and with a keen-edged knife slashes cruelly into the fabric, according to the pattern. These pieces are then carefully scanned by a woman, who rejects every one having a hole or flaw in it. Then a man takes the pieces and carefully stretches the edges.

Unless the whole length of the edge is properly stretched the cover will not fit smoothly.

Next the pieces go into the sewing-room, where they are sewn together on machines in what is called the pudding-bag stitch. Then a woman sews the cover on the frame, keeping the umbrella half open with a contrivance made for that sole purpose.

If she is a good workwoman she can sew on a cover in five minutes, besides stitching on the tip. The edges of the umbrella are then all smoothed with a flat iron.

Once more a woman holds the umbrella up to the light and searches for flaws.

If it be all right, then the cover is trimly folded round the stick, and into the salesroom it goes, to take its chances of being bought and going out into the inclement world.

And how long does it take so important a thing as an umbrella to come into being? Just about fifteen minutes.

EATING MELON SEEDS.—At every meal of any style in China there are little plates of melon-seeds, which all the Chinese delight in picking open and nibbling, in accordance with a Chinese proverb which expresses the satisfaction of always having something in the mouth. In this respect the race are like squirrels, except that rich men's long-pointed nails do the work even more effectually than teeth. In every idle moment the whole population devotes itself to cracking melon-seeds. As they walk in the streets or at the social chat, to beguile the tedium of a journey or to lighten the cares of business, the infallible remedy is melon-seeds. Even at the theatres the spectators are provided with little plates of water-melon seeds, and an attendant walks about with a large basket to replenish them again and again, so that the sound of the cracking seeds is heard incessantly, and the floor is invariably strewn with them. They are offered for sale everywhere. In the districts where melons grow abundantly the refreshing fruits are freely offered to all comers on condition of their saving and restoring the seeds. These are collected in great bales as articles of commerce, and form the chief cargo of many junks on the rivers. Small children, busy merchants, great mandarins delight in them. The poorest coolie, notwithstanding the disadvantage of his short nails, contrives to spare a few cash for the purchase of this luxury. This curious passion for melon-seeds prevails throughout the Empire, and the four hundred millions of Chinamen are all insatiable for these dainties.

NOT TO BE OUTDONE.—The following tale of jealousy and revenge comes floating into this office from the pavement where the fair recipient carelessly dropped it—

"MY DEAR CLARA ——, I was sorry to hear that you had the mumps. Charley and I think it very strange that you and George should happen (?) to have the mumps at the same time. We don't propose to stand it, and we are making arrangements to have the measles together.

"Yours, with ever so much love,

"EMMA."

THERE were over 5,000,000,000 cigars manufactured in the United States in 1886. In 1884 there were a little over 3,000,000,000 made, and in 1880 a little over 2,000,000,000.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It is thought that the Emperor of China has postponed his marriage because the Imperial Exchequer is rather empty. To marry an Emperor costs so much in that country that the thing is undertaken with reluctance. The temples, the public edifices, the very streets, must be put in a state of perfect repair all over the empire in honor of the occasion. The Emperor himself signalizes the event by making costly presents to his ministers and to all the great functionaries of state, and by granting large remissions of taxation to his subjects during the twelve months subsequent to the solemnity.

The pack of stag-hounds recently brought from Colorado to Montana, and in use by the Sun River Range Association, is reported doing good business in the wolf killing business, for which industry the dogs were purchased. Six of the hounds recently brought to bay double their number of wolves and engaged them in battle, doing to the death all but two of the sheep and cattle destroyers. Not a few single combats have occurred, resulting in uniform victory for the dog, which has the advantage of fleetness, pluck and strength. A pair of hounds can do up a wolf in pretty short order. One will toss the wolf in the air, and before the astonished animal is again on the ground he is caught at neck and loin and torn asunder. The hounds are fed no meat, their diet being confined to cornbread and buttermilk in most part. The Range Association are satisfied that they have made a good investment in these wolf exterminators.

In overhauling a bank vault in England recently, there was occasion to move the unclaimed plate-chests, one of which was so old it fell to pieces. The contents, a beautiful silver toilet service, temp. Charles II., was revealed, together with a discolored letter, from which it appeared that the service had been a wedding gift to a certain noble young lady, who was married in the year 1688. Her husband was attached to the fortunes of King James II., and was exiled in consequence. His wife's wedding gift, which had never been unpacked, was deposited for safety, lost sight of and never claimed. The letter supplied a clue to the descendants of the family, who were communicated with. Being in reduced circumstances they parted with the property for a very modest sum to a dealer in second-hand ware. He sold the service to a West-end house at a handsome profit, and rumor has it that it is now in the possession of the Princess of Wales.

A female veteran of the late war has been discovered, by a medical examination at Dayton, Ohio, of an applicant properly supplied with papers, who desired to become an inmate of the Soldiers' Home. James Fisher was the name given by the applicant, who bore a letter from Colonel Tafel, stating that Fisher had served two years in Company C, Sixth Ohio Infantry, and had been honorably discharged. The medical examination at Dayton revealed the fact that Fisher is a fully developed woman. Of course she was not received into the Home, and no one knows where she now is. Very little is known of her history, except that she is 50 years old. Since the war she has continued to dress like a man and live with those of that sex. In appearance Fisher is short and heavy set, with a round, smooth face, dark hair and eyes, and somewhat effeminate, but no one had ever suspected her sex. Colonel Tafel says the woman was one of the bravest soldiers in his regiment, and he was astounded to learn that Fisher is a woman.

Speaking of royal hobbies, the German Empress has a decided preference for splendid diamonds, in which she arrays herself in rich profusion on all state occasions, while her daughter-in-law, the Crown Princess Victoria, as a genuine daughter of the sea-girt island of Britain is exceedingly fond of pearls. The Queen of England has a collection of the rarest Indian shawls, whereas the sapphire is her favorite jewel. The Empress of Russia is partial to jewels made of pearls and turquoises, while the Empress of Austria prefers a combination of emeralds and opals to any other kind of jewelry. The ex-Queen Isabella of Spain, is a diligent collector of valuable laces and net work; a valuable lace shawl in her possession cost $20,000. The Grand Duchess of Baden shares with the Emperor William an intense love of natural flowers. Catharine of Russia was passionately fond of horses and dogs, and the Empress Maria Theresa, of pious memory, was especially addicted to match-making, as numerous marriages in all classes of the Vienna population can testify.

A PUBLIC NECESSITY.—An eccentric Western justice of the peace, before whom a citizen had prosecuted his daughter's lover for ejecting him from his own parlor on the Sunday evening previous, solemnly decided as follows:

"It appears that this young feller was courtin' the plaintiff's gal in plaintiff's parlor, and that plaintiff intruded and was put out by defendant. Courtin' is a public necessity, and must not be interrupted. Therefore, the law will hold that a parent has no legal right in a room where courtin' is afoot, and so the defendant is discharged and plaintiff must pay costs."

A COXCOMB is ugly all over with the affectation of the fine gentleman.

Our Young Folks.

STOPPING THE CLOCK.

BY E. M. WATERWORTH.

SHE got up early one morning, for she heard the bell ring violently.

"Something must be the matter," said she, as she began to dress.

Her clothes were lying about the room; there was one boot on the chest of drawers, another on the floor, as well as a glove and her new bonnet.

There was also a bottle of ink, with a pen.

"Where did it come from? I did not put it there, and it was not there when I went to bed," she said meditatively.

She did not look straight at it, for her eyes were too sleepy for that, and she was making great efforts to fasten her black velvet sash.

The pen began to move uneasily in the bottle; finally, when it was full of ink, it rose slowly in the air and came towards her.

She thought it might be some strange kind of insect, so she retracted from it; but the pen, pursuing her, forced itself into her hand—

"I came in the night,
And you must write
What I recite."

said the pen.

She became more surprised, and her surprise took away her fear, so she answered—

"No paper have I,
Or else I would try."

However, no sooner had she spoken than a quire of paper appeared before her, and the pen seemed eager to get at it, so she put out her hand to reach it. The pen spoke hurriedly—

"Write thus:

'My name is Max,
I'm a clever lad;
I smashed a clock,
Because it drove me mad.
Don't grieve that I have gone away.
For I am very glad.'

That is for you to leave in the room, so that your parents may know that you have gone away of your own accord."

"But my name is not Max," said she; "it is Cordelia; and you know that I am not a lad."

"That is not of the least consequence," replied the pen. "As long as you have me in your hand you are Max; I am Max—in fact, we are both Max together."

With a great effort, Cordelia flung the pen to the other end of the room.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the pen, returning; "don't be so foolish. That is not the way to treat me. We are going away together, so it is better to be friendly."

And the pen placed itself once more in her hand; her fingers closed around it, and seemed glued to it, for she could not open them.

* * * * * *

"You see, you are on your journey, Max," said the pen; "we will take a cab here and drive to the tower."

Cordelia looked about.

"I don't know the place, and I have no money in my pocket."

"But that is not true,
For in your pocket is a purse of blue,
With money in it, as you'll see;
That's quite enough for you and me."

said the pen.

No one called it, but a cab stopped beside them, and Cordelia and the pen at once got in.

"Where?" asked the cabman.

"To the clock tower,
In an hour."

said the pen.

But it did not seem an hour to Cordelia; it appeared as if they had not been a minute in the cab, when it stopped before an old gate-house outside the town.

The pen pulled Cordelia out of the cab.

"Pay," said the pen.

And Cordelia took the purse out of her pocket, and gave the cabman some of the money.

"It is not enough," said he.

"Take it all then," said she; and she threw the purse at him, whereupon cab, cabman, and purse all disappeared.

"Max," said the pen, suddenly.

"Don't call me Max; I'm Cordelia," she replied.

"You are Max as long as you have me in your hand," said the pen.

"Then I wish you would let me lose you."

The pen laughed.

"Not at present, Max; there is first some work to be done. Knock at the door, and when it opens go in."

Cordelia did so.

"Now take the turn onto the right,
Go up the narrow stair,
And when you're at the top I'll tell
You what you must do there,"

said the pen.

And they went upstairs, and into a room.

* * * * * *

"Write, write, write what I recite:
There was a clock that would not stop,
But struck twelve all the night;
There was a boy who thought it right
To smash the clock that would not stop,
But struck twelve all the night."

Cordelia wrote down the words.

"That is the beginning," said the pen; "I shan't tell you the rest in rhyme, it would take too much time. When the boy smashed the clock he disappeared, and nothing remained of him but a pen."

"Are you that boy?" asked Cordelia.

"I am, and so are you as long as we two are together."

"And whose clock was it, and what became of it?"

"The clock mended itself, and is up there, and it won't stop till it runs down, and it won't run down for a hundred years unless some one can make it go faster than it does."

"It is a horrid little clock," said Cordelia, looking up at it. "And I am getting quite deaf with hearing it strike."

"Till it stops striking you will be Max with a pen. When it stops, I don't know what will happen, but it will be all right. And what you have come here for is to stop it. Stand on the stool and turn the hands around and around as fast as you can."

Cordelia stood on the stool and began to do as the clock commanded. She worked away at it for an hour till her arm ached so that she felt she must stop or must drop with fatigue.

But the pen said—

"Go on, go on!"

"Oh, can't I stop—can't I stop?" cried Cordelia.

"No; having once begun,
Go on till it is done."

"I won't, I won't. My arm aches, and I can scarcely move my fingers." And she tried to take away her hand, but it seemed glued to the clock-face.

The pen laughed.

"I am tired," sobbed Cordelia.

"Go on as hard as you can," said the pen again.

Cordelia was out of patience, and went into a regular passion, and fought at the clock as well as she could, twirling the hands around in the most reckless manner, so fast that the works could not stand it longer.

There was a loud whirr, the spring was broken, the clock stopped so suddenly, unloosing Cordelia's fingers, that she fell to the ground, giving her head a great bang.

"Thank you," said the pen. "I am much obliged to you; you have done it capitally."

But Cordelia kept her eyes closed, and sobbed louder than ever.

* * * * * *

When she opened her eyes the pen had gone; so had the clock, and she was in the room alone. The door was open, and she went down-stairs and out into the street. She looked around; it was all strange to her, she did not know where she was.

"I will go back and see if the pen is under the table; it would be better than nothing."

"Ah," said a voice. "I am glad to hear you say so. I was waiting until you wanted me."

"But you are not the pen, you are a boy," exclaimed Cordelia, gazing at the youth beside her.

"Of course I am. I am Max, and you are now Cordelia. It all comes from having stopped the clock, and that being done, I will take you home again. Just step into this carriage and shut your eyes until I tell you to open them. Away we'll drive and soon arrive."

And in another minute the boy, in a voice that seemed a long way off, said—

"Now."

Cordelia opened her eyes, and to her surprise, found herself in her own little room. Her bonnet was still on the floor, so of course she had not worn it. The window was open, and in the street below she heard the boy calling—

"A thousand thanks, it is all right;
The clock is stopped that struck all night."

Then Cordelia finished fastening her velvet sash and went down to breakfast, but she did not say what a strange adventure she had had early in the morning, lest every one should laugh at her.

PICKLES' PLAYGROUNDS.

BY HENRY FRITH.

"WHAT is the matter, my little lad?"

"There isn't nothin' the matter more'n usual," replied the boy, a queer, ragged little boy, such a child as many of you have seen playing about the streets, I daresay, or in the roads just outside the great city.

What was he like? Let me see. How can I tell you? He was not very fat, but he was not thin. His hair was not brushed as yours is, but hung all around his head as if you had put a mop on it. He wore a shirt open at the neck, only one suspender kept up his ragged knickerbockers, or short trousers, his legs and feet were quite bare, and he was leaning against an iron post made of a cannon which had been captured in the great war.

Such a queer, thoughtful boy—a peculiar lad. He was grave, and yet there was a twinkle in his eye which gave me the idea that he had a great taste for a bit of fun. In fact, stern school inspector as I am, had I met the lad anywhere else, I should have set him down in my mind as a regular little "Pickle."

I looked at him steadily—he was thinking deeply; and he said, when I asked him what was the matter, "There isn't nothin' the matter more'n usual," by which he meant me to understand that he was nearly always in the same condition—idle, ragged, and, I am afraid, hungry.

"What is your name, boy?" I asked. You must know that my business as inspector takes me into some very poor places, and if the boys and girls do not go to school I must know why, and send them if I can, because the law says I must. Well, never mind what I do. The ragged little boy is the person we want to find out all about.

"What is your name, boy?" I said again.

"Bob Simmons," he said, without moving.

"Have you no house—no parents?"

"What's them?" said he. "Father? No, I've no father. Mother's away. Dick and Molly and me lives over there."

"But," said I, "how do you live? Have you nobody to take care of you? Can you work?"

"Yes, sir; but this is my only support," he replied, kicking the post as he leaned against it.

"How do you amuse yourself when not at school?" I said. "You must live with some one."

"Yes; with aunt. Aunt lives there, and we can do as we like" (he said "likes," but I need not write down all he said exactly as he said it), "and," he went on, "we have plenty of fun—lots!"

"Fun! Can you actually amuse yourself in that wretched place—that alley?" I exclaimed, for I did not know so much about the poor children then as I do now. "Do you play games there?"

"Oh, yes, we dance sometimes, and play 'Fly the Garter,' and 'Hop Scotch,' and sometimes we stretch a cord across the court, and trip up the policeman when he hunts us. Oh, it is just fun, I can tell you, then. But we ain't got very much to eat, an' there's too much school."

"Will you tell me all about yourself, my lad, and about Dick and Molly. Who are they?"

"Who's they? Why, they're my cousins. You can see them presently, if you want to. Give us a penny, will ye?"

I gave him a penny, but he tossed it back again.

"Yah!" he said, "it's foreign—no good!"

I gave him another—and another; then, as he clinked them in his hand, he said to me—

"You're a gentleman, sir. Now I will tell you all about myself. I'm a off-fing."

"An orphan. Yes; go on, my boy."

"That's it: orfan—badly off un—never had father nor mother, I s'pose, like Dick and Molly. They had. I was born in the court there, and played ball and marbles in the gutter. I had a dead kitten for a pet once, and now I've nothin'. But if you will come with me I will show you some fun. There's three or four of us, and we call ourselves the 'leapers'—we run over empty houses, play tip-cat, climb on each other's shoulders, and play all kinds of games. Oh, it is fun!"

Poor boy! I looked at him, and wondered how he ever had any 'fun" in such a dress and in such a condition as he was. You children have nice warm rooms and nurseries, plenty of toys, puzzles, Noah's arks, and such things. But this little boy had none of them, and his playground was the street, the narrow and muddy street, the dirty little room where he and his little cousins all slept together on some old sacks and straw. No nice beds, no nice curtains and white sheets, no blankets, only an old sack and some straw to lie on—perhaps not even those.

Yet this boy amused himself in his own way.

"Come along with me," he said. "There's Molly and Dick. See, they're fishin'."

Fishing! Fishing in the street—in the narrow street where the new and empty houses were. Did you ever hear of children fishing in a road with houses all around them? No. But here were these two children fishing over a grating, a drain, too, in which all the muddy water ran.

The little girl was watching the boy as he sought the "treasures of the deep." He had a piece of string and a crooked pin, and he let down the line into the drain, which did not smell at all nice, and "fished," as he called it.

How happy they were, these poor little Pickles! They were chatting to each other in their own childish way, and trying to catch something worth having from the grating.

I went up to them and waited, and Dick said—

"I can't catch it, Molly, it's no use. It is stuck there, and won't come up."

"What have you lost?" I said.

The little girl, who was lying with her nose resting on her arm, said, half crying—

"It's my dolly, sir. I let it fall down the hole and he can't get it up. It is such a nice one, sir."

I knelt down and saw a piece of wood, a broken doll, with no clothes on—lying on a ledge close to the rushing water. The poor little girl loved her dolly, a rough, wooden block, just as much as you children love your finely dressed dolls with pink cheeks and beautiful hair.

"Never mind, Molly," cried Bob, who had been listening. "Never you mind. The gentleman gave me two pennies, and you shall have them: yes, you shall, and buy a new doll, Moll. Come, cheer up; don't howl any more over it."

What a kind-hearted child he was. He was quite ready to give up his pennies to the girl, and I wondered at it. But she got up and said—

"Oh, I'm not going to cry. Let us go and find another. We can buy sweeties with the pennies, Bob, can't we?"

Dick, who was still fishing, got up then, and said—

"Yes, let's go. Come on, Bob. We can fish for the dolly to-morrow. I say, let us go and have some fun. Come along."

They started off after a glance at me, and I followed them. Such nimble little feet they had. But I kept them in sight for a little while.

Then they turned up an alley and I lost them for that day.

"Poor children," I said to myself. "Clothed in rags, yet ready to do a really kind, unselfish action for the little girl." I wondered whether some little folk I know would give up their pennies to their sisters, and yet here was a poor child, who never had two pennies at one time in all his life before, quite ready to give them away.

THE WEARING OF BEARDS.—Full beards were cultivated among eastern nations in early times, and have always been regarded by them as a badge of dignity. The fact that the ancient Egyptian pictures frequently represent the human male figure, especially that of a king or dignitary, without the beard, would seem to indicate that it was a mark of rank in Egypt to be devoid of that appendage.

In ancient India, Persia and Assyria, however, the beard was allowed to grow long, and was always esteemed a symbol of dignity and wisdom.

In Turkey it is considered an infamy to have the beard cut off, and the slaves of the seraglio are shaved as a mark of their servile condition. Previous to the reign of Alexander the Great, the Greeks wore beards, but during the wars of that monarch they commenced shaving, the practice having been suggested, it is said, by Alexander for the purpose of depriving the enemy of an opportunity of catching the soldiers by the beard.

The fashion thus begun continued until the reign of Justinian, when long beards again became customary. The year 300 B. C. is given as about the time at which the Romans commenced shaving. The philosophers from the earliest periods seem to have affected the full beard, it being esteemed by them, as among the Greeks, a symbol of wisdom.

All the ancient inhabitants of Europe wore beards at the earliest period of which any record exists. The Lombards, or Longobards, derived their name from the practice of going unshaved.

Until the introduction of Christianity the Anglo-Saxons all wore beards without distinction, but then the clergy were compelled by law to shave. In the 13th century Pope Honorius III., in order to conceal a disfigured lip, allowed his beard to grow, and inaugurated anew the fashion; which became general in Europe in the age of Francis I. The right of the clergy to wear their beards was then again disputed. In 1561 the College of the Sorbonne decided that a beard was contrary to sacerdotal modesty.

In England, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the beard was worn by all men of higher rank. The Russians retained their beards until Peter the Great returned from his Western tour, when one of his first edicts towards the compulsory civilization of his people had reference to the beard, which he ordered to be shaved off. Thus the practice of shaving became almost universal.

France was the first to return to the old fashion of wearing the beard, and England was the last. The Indians have very scanty beards, and no beard appears on the Athabascans. This is owing to their custom of plucking it out.

ABOUT TAR.—This was known to the ancient Greeks, and there is not the smallest difference between the processes now practised in most places and those of ancient Greece.

Along the whole coast of the Gulf of Bothnia the inhabitants are very generally engaged in this occupation. They make use of the roots of fir-trees, with logs and billets of the same, which they arrange in a conical stack, fitted to a cavity in the ground, generally in the side of a bank.

In the bottom of this cavity is placed a cast-iron pan, from which a spout leads out through the bank. The heap is covered with turf and is then fired, as in making charcoal. Tar collects in the latter part of the process of charring, and runs off through the spouts into barrels.

In Sweden, where the business is also important, some peculiar methods are adopted to increase the yield of tar. Trees of no value for the saw-mill are partially peeled of their bark a fathom or two up from the ground. This does not kill them, but only checks the growth. After five or six years, when cut down, the wood is found to be much richer in the resinous matter, which produces tar.

Along the coast of the Southern States, especially of North Carolina, Virginia, and Georgia, the business is carried on upon a large scale in connection with the manufacture of turpentine, resin and pitch. Old trees which have ceased to produce turpentine and dead wood which is rich in resinous matter are selected for the coal-pits. The process there does not differ materially from that already described.

GREAT SAVING IN BUTTER.—A well-to-do but very careful gentleman recently told a friend in good faith that he had discovered how to save on his butter bills. "Just spread your bread with butter," said he, "then scrape it off as closely as you can, and hold the buttered side down when you eat it. Your tongue strikes the butter at once, and you get just as much flavor as if you had three times as much butter and ate it the other way."

Men who live without religion live always in a tumultuary and restless state.

HOW LITTLE ONE CAN TELL.

BY S. U. W.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily-dressed wife by his side;
In satins and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as he passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in his carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would do if I could—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage, the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said, in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in this world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasure for which we have sighed
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nought but Religion can fill.

SOME CURIOUS WAGERS.

So far as we can go back in the world's history, we find the rage for making wagers prevalent. The Romans had a great taste for wagers and bets; and they had a conventional form of ratifying these contracts, which consisted in taking from the finger the ring which the higher classes invariably wore, and giving it into the keeping of a third party or umpire.

One of the wildest bets ever made was that of a physician of the ancient world named Asclepiades. He wagered against Fortune that he would never be ill during his life, under penalty of losing the name he had acquired of being the most famous physician of his time. Absurd and impious as was this presumption, he won his wager, although he could not enjoy it, for, at a very advanced period of life, he died from the effects of a fall down-stairs.

The Romans were forbidden by law to bet upon the success of any unlawful game, or indeed of any games whatever, unless they were trials of courage, bodily strength, or skill. In the later days of Rome, her citizens were prohibited from making bets upon the death or exaltation of the popes and on the promotion of cardinals.

At Venice no wager might be laid upon the election of persons to fill the public offices; at Genoa, on the revolution of states or kingdoms, the success of military expeditions, the arrival and departure of vessels, or proposed marriages. Somewhat similar to this was an Act of Parliament passed in Paris in 1695 which rendered it illegal to make a woman the subject of a wager.

The parliament of Dole, in Franc, was called upon to decide a very curious wager in the year 1634. It was between two citizens of Pasmes, one of whom had agreed, on consideration of his being paid the sum of twenty-four francs, to furnish the other with a quantity of grains of millet, in proportion to the number of children that should be born within a certain extent of country during one year. He was to hand over one grain for the first child, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, always doubling the number of grains for each successive birth.

The number of children born within the specified time was sixty six; and such an enormous quantity of grains of millet had to be supplied to meet the conditions of the agreement, that the contracting party demanded the cancelling of the bet, on the ground that it was founded on an impossible condition. The court agreed at once that it was impossible for the contract to be carried out; and decided that the person who had received the twenty-four francs should repay them to his opponent, and give him an additional sum of twenty-four francs.

Surely this was anything but a just judgment, for it was impossible that the gainer could have lost. He had made his calculations and was betting on the ignorance of the loser. It was therefore a wager based upon bad faith, and should have been annulled altogether.

Vieuxtemps, the well-known violinist, used to tell a strange story of a wager that he averred he had really witnessed whilst on a visit to London. It was to the effect that one day as he was walking across London Bridge a poor wretch jumped up on to a parapet and leaped down into the river. There was at once a rush of eager spectators, and a voice shouted, "I'll bet he drowns!" "Two to one, he'll swim ashore!" "Done!" Meanwhile Vieuxtemps had hastened to get a boat, and was rowing, with a waterman, to the rescue of the unhappy creature, who was floundering about, and just managing to keep himself afloat. As they reached him, and were preparing to pull him in the boat, there was a roar from the bridge: "Leave him alone—there is a bet on!" The waterman immediately lay upon his oars, refusing to make any further attempt to save the drowning man; and Vieuxtemps saw him sink before his very eyes.

A strange bet was once made in relation to the Master of the Revels to George II., named Heidegger, whose ugliness it was declared it was impossible to surpass. One of the courtiers wagered that he would produce some one who should be pronounced uglier than Heidegger. He was allowed a few days in which to unearth his champion, and it is said that he employed them in personally ransacking the worst slums of London. Somewhere in St. Giles' he found an old woman whom he thought was sufficiently plain to confront with Heidegger. When the two were put face to face, the judges said it was impossible to decide which of them was entitled to bear the proud title of "the ugliest being in London." A courtier, however, suggested that Heidegger put on the old woman's bonnet. This he did; and the additional ugliness it gave him was such that he was unanimously declared the winner.

A notorious gambler of the last century finally ruined himself by a very extraordinary bet. He had been playing with Lord Lorn; their stakes had been very high, and luck had gone steadily against him. Exasperated at his losses, he jumped up from the card-table; and seizing a large punch-bowl, said: "For once I'll have a bet where I have an equal chance of winning! Odd or even, for fifteen thousand guineas?" "Odd," replied the peer calmly. The bowl was dashed against the wall, and on the pieces being counted, there proved to be an odd one. The rash gambler paid up his fifteen thousand guineas; but, if tradition be correct, it was only by selling the last of his estates that he was enabled to do so.

Grains of Gold.

Custom does often reason overrule.

Not every one who dances is glad.

It is as natural to die as to be born.

Busy lives, like busy waters, are generally pure.

Money is not required to buy one necessity of the soul.

The strongest men are often the most tender-hearted.

An evil intention perverts the best actions and makes them sins.

Make not thy friends too cheap to thee, nor thyself to thy friends.

The virtue of Paganism was strength, the virtue of Christianity is obedience

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.

A stubborn mind conduces as little to wisdom or even to knowledge, as a stubborn temper to happiness.

As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies.

There are six faults which one ought to avoid; the desire of riches, drowsiness, sloth, idleness, fear, and anger.

The great misfortune with most of us is—we are constantly looking ahead for our experience instead of looking behind.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the persons who labor under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy person in their favor.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good-will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

Fanaticism is a fire, which heats the mind indeed, but heats without purifying. It stimulates and ferments all the passions, but it rectifies none of them.

The desire to say some great thing has prevented the utterance of many a wholesome word; and anxiety to accomplish some wonderful work has crushed in the bud many a humble deed of exceeding grace and sweetness.

Femininities.

The proportion of red headed women is about 1 in 20.

Ten counties in Iowa have women school superintendents.

Life appears to be too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrong.

In a breach of promise suit in Ohio the girl showed up 745 letters for 120 days of love.

And with a velvet lip print on his brow
Such language as the tongue hath never spoken.

The intellect of the generality of women serves more to fortify their folly than their reason.

Bible readings in parlors will be a feature of society—diversion, shall it be said?—this winter.

Husband: "Was that you who sneezed, Maria?" Wife: "It was not, James." "Then don't do it again."

Full sized bullfrogs, made of striped plush, are the very latest parlor decorations. Their silence is eloquent.

Salt and vinegar, applied hot, are good for cleaning brass, which should afterward be polished with fine ashes.

The Empress of Austria has been forbidden by her physicians to ride on horseback, and thus debarred from her chief pleasure.

The yelk of one egg, three drachms of glycerine and fifteen grains of carbolic acid make an excellent mixture for softening the hands.

Pocketbooks of rattlesnake skin, with the genuine rattles sewed on the side, are among the novelties to be introduced this brilliant autumn.

Modern hallways are made to look as much like a room as possible, with grandfather's clock and the colonial table, chairs and engravings.

An Illinois schoolteacher sent to Chicago for "memorandumb books." The trustees requested her resignation, as they did not believe in "art spelling."

A Brooklyn woman stole a waist from a fancy goods store, and the next day took it back to exchange for one that would fit her. She was handed over to the police.

Young woman, timidly, to clerk: "I would like to look at some false hair, please." Clerk, experienced: "Yes, ma'am. What color does your friend want?" Sale effected.

If the man you have married is not rich, or if money troubles arise, be brave and strong: a help always, a burden never; the friend to whom he can tell all, who sees things always from the brightest side.

Mother, to 4-year-old: "If your dolly has been so naughty as you say, Flossie, why don't you give her a good whipping?" Flossie, thoughtfully: "'Cause I don't b'lieve in that sort of thing."

Wife: "I don't see how you can say that Mr. Whitechoker has an effeminate way of talking; he has a very loud voice." Husband: "I mean by an effeminate way of talking, my dear that he talks all the time."

Probably there isn't an older phrase in the English language than the words "I love you," and yet the most flippant young man doesn't even think of saying "chestnut!" when some sweet girl whispers it softly into his coat collar.

The Russian adventuress known by the nickname of "The Golden Hand" has been condemned by the tribunal of Moscow to transportation for life to Siberia. This extraordinary woman has been married no less than sixteen times.

Mother: "Charlie, you have given your sister the smallest apple. You should have given her the largest one, for she is much larger than you." Charlie, with force of conviction. "But, mamma, see how much larger my mouth is than hers."

Husband: "If you only had the ability to cook as my mother used to do, I should be happy, dear." Wife: "And if you only had the ability to make money enough to buy things to cook as my father used to do, I too should be happy, dear."

An odd timepiece is shown in a window in this city. The front of the clock is a large round waiter. The hours are marked on a dozen oyster shells. A small plate, garnished with slices of lemon, conceals the works, and the hands are a knife and fork.

No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where man cowers, and grows stronger where man faints, and over the wastes of worldly fortune sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.

The errors into which strangers fall sometimes are usually logical enough. For instance, it was by no means strange that, in a land where butternuts abound, an English girl should make the mistake which so mightily tickled Bostonians last winter. "At what season," she asked innocently, "are doughnuts ripe?"

One hundred women ride tricycles in Washington. The smoothness of the streets makes the work easier than it is anywhere else, and the encouragement given by their male relatives in the cycle clubs strengthens them to face the public. Most of the women have a special costume in the nature of a riding habit with the train cut off.

In a car a few days ago a gentleman said to a young lady of his acquaintance in her teens, on seeing that she had a deep scientific book in her hands: "Why, you select very deep literature for your reading! I had no idea you were so studious." She answered: "Oh, is it a deep book? I did not know what to get at the library, so took this, as the cover harmonizes so beautifully with my hat. Did you ever see a more perfect match?"

They were on their way to the theatre, and she was tremulously happy. She felt that the words which she so longed to hear would be spoken that night, and the idea made her almost dizzy with delight. "Mr. Sampson," she said, softly, "why do you wear that bit of string about your finger?" "Oh," replied Mr. Sampson, taking it off, "that was to remind me of my engagement with you to-night." It wasn't much, but it was enough to take away the delightful dizziness.

Masculinities.

A wounded conscience is able to unparadise paradise itself.

He who never changes any of his opinions never corrects any of his mistakes.

With all his boasts, he is like the sword-fish, who only wears his weapon in his mouth.

The principal drawback about the hoe is that the man who operates it can't get on and ride.

A woman sometimes can keep her temper when she is moving. A man isn't expected to.

A man who takes a second wife, and persists in praising the first, may find it to his advantage to be bald-headed.

"There's always room at the top." But there wouldn't be if everybody who is up there was as big as he thinks himself.

A Chinese gentleman always sends a pair of geese to the lady of his choice, as they are looked upon as the emblems of conjugal fidelity.

Whenever a farmer gets a labor-saving implement for himself, let him think if something to save his wife from kitchen labor cannot also be secured.

Some physiologists think that the frequent washing and shampooing of the hair are more conducive to baldness than is the close-fitting air-tight hat.

From an old bachelor's album:—"It's too soon to marry when one is young and too late when one is old. The interval may profitably be devoted to reflection."

German journalism is to have an addition—a weekly that is to appear at Baden, under the title of "The Mother-in-Law." Each subscriber may be also a contributor.

Bell, of telephone fame, has conveyed his very large interests in his patent to his wife, retaining for himself but one share of the stock. This he invests solely in cigars.

When a man conveys to you in a loud tone of voice and the language of slang, profanity and bad grammar the information that he is a gentleman, it is a waste of time to doubt him.

The "potato opera pocket" will be a fashionable article this winter. A Pittsburg man threw a potato at a dude who stared at his wife, and four hundred people arose and applauded the act.

A Pittsburg man has come out with the remarkable statement that flies distribute themselves over the country according to the number of the inhabitants. He allows an average of seventeen flies to every person.

A German artist makes all his angels with the same clothes on that men, women and children wear on earth. He says he has no doubt that dress goods and broadcloths are just as plentiful in heaven as muslin and bunting.

When a Chinaman desires a visitor to dine with him, he does not ask him to do so; but, when he does not wish him to stay, he says, "Oh, please stay and dine with me!" The visitor will then know he is not wanted.

An authority on men's clothes has announced oracularly that it will be proper for men to wear suits composed of garments of various material, and that the man who shows the greatest variety in his attire will be distinctively fascinating.

Begging is prohibited in Berlin. Every stranger, upon arriving in the city, must have his name recorded at a police-station, and no one is allowed to take up his residence without a definite occupation and satisfactory evidence of his ability to follow it.

The manager of a burlesque troupe playing at Louisville, Ky., was married on the stage to an actress in his company on Monday night, and about the time they got home from the performance he was arrested on a bail writ for unpaid board and sent to jail for the night.

Were our pen a quill from the pinion of the loftiest seraph that basks in gleaming glory and dipped in the refulgent radiance of the rainbow's fountain, we could not describe how supremely happy one of our young men looks when in the ethereal presence of his adored one.

A mother's love is indeed the golden link that binds youth to age; and he is still but a child, however time may have furrowed his cheek, or silvered his brow, who can yet recall, with a softened heart, the fond devotion, or the gentle chidings, of the best friend that God ever gives us.

A citizen of Munich, who was short of funds, had recourse to the following original scheme for raising the wind: He ordered a confectioner to make a pie for his wife's birthday, containing as a surprise a lining of new dollar pieces. The man was now relieved, but the confectioner is still waiting for his money.

Prince Ferdinand, the play Monarch of Bulgaria, is described as a walking specimen of dandyism. He not only parts his hair in the middle and wears bracelets, but also goes in for jewelry to a ridiculous extent. He wears a dozen rings at a time, has scarabees and other curious things set in his bracelets and is fond of diamonds.

Washington Irving, in his early youth, had a longing to go to sea and be a pirate. He determined to make the attempt, but wisely decided to prepare himself for it by preliminary experiences. He began by eating salt pork. That made him sick. He then slept for a night or so on hard boards. That made him sore. It was enough. He had no more desire to go away. Other boys who want to capture men-of-war, or who desire to go West and scalp Indians, would do well to imitate young Irving's example.

The old style of hand-shaking is gradually passing away in London, to give place to a new method, which has been very severely criticised by some of the papers in the English capital. The hands are raised to a level with the shoulder, and, after dangling about in the air like a worm at the end of a rod and line, a swinging, pendulum-like motion is given the palms, which somehow manage to collide in the mid-air. Then follow a few feeble flaps of a tentative and flabby character, which are supposed to indicate whatever degree of mutual joy and pleasure is felt at the meeting.

Recent Book Issues.

"Vendetta, or The Story of One Forgotten," by Marie Corelli, will please those who want an extra touch of the weird and horrible in their literary provender. It is an Italian tale of outraged honor and the husband's horrible revenge. This outline is filled in with madness, nobility, love, music, flirtation and other features that are well in keeping with the main idea. The story is certainly good of its kind. Lippincott & Co., publishers. Price, 50 cents.

"A Border Shepherdess, a Romance of Eskdale," by Amelia E. Barr, is a graceful and touching story of Scotch life, powerful in the telling and wholly interesting in the reading. It gives a beautiful reproduction of the people, and sentiments of a time that now belongs to the past, or lives only in printed pages. It is, perhaps, too steadily pathetic and lacking in contrasts of a lighter nature; but it is well written, its characters are vigorously depicted, and there is a crisp and simple realism in the whole that is uncommonly pleasing and attractive. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, $1.00.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., have published "The Earth Trembled," by Edward P. Roe, in their uniform edition of that author's works. The story deals with life in the South, and its most dramatic interest is centred in the Charlestown earthquake, which is made to play an important part in the fates of the chief characters of the story. The earthquake is vividly and picturesquely described, and its horrors have been skilfully utilized. The novel will please that large circle of admirers which Mr. Roe has gathered to himself, and to which he addresses himself particularly. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, $1.50.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The *Phrenological Journal* for October deals with "Mesmerism Forty Years Ago," "Evolutionary Problems," "Heredity," "The Christian Religion," "Troublesome Children," and many other topics, including a lengthy resume of the life and labors of the late Prof. O. S. Fowler. Luke P. Poland, of Vermont, is the subject of a portrait and biographical sketch. Fowler & Wells Co., publishers, No. 775 Broadway New York.

The frontispiece of the November *Quiver* represents a six-year-old pouring her childish sympathy into her grandmother's ear. The opening paper is on "Providence and the Little Ones." The interesting serial, "My Brother Basil," is concluded. Prof. Roberts continues his "Reminiscences of Departed Members of the New Testament Revision Company." The Hon. Katherine Scott contributes a story, "Maudie's Text." The story of "Granny's Comforter" is given in rhyme, and there is a "Harvest Thanksgiving" Cantata, appropriately illustrated. Prof. Blackie gives an inspiring account of Dr. Bernardo's labors among poor children, which have extended across the ocean, from England to Canada. The Rev. R. H. Lovell discusses "Prejudice." Fiction, Bible Lessons, poetry and pictures, with a shower of "Short Arrows," go to make up the number. $1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The English Illustrated Magazine for October has for its frontispiece a portrait study, engraved by W. B. Gardner from a drawing by E. F. Brentwall. Algernon Swinburne contributes a spirited poem, "To a Seamew," which is in his best manner. A paper on "Coaching Days and Coaching Ways," by W. Outram Tristram, is an interesting reminiscence of bygone times, and affords an opportunity to Hugh Thomson to emphasize it by numerous illustrations. "Summer in Somerset," by Richard Jeffries, discourses of a charming country. Mr. F. Marion Crawford's vigorous "National Hymn for the United States of America," written for the recent Philadelphia centennial, appears in this issue. Two new serial stories are begun. The number is uncommonly attractive and strong both in its literature and its art. Published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. New York.

The Century for October follows the bent the magazine has pursued so long, and is largely historical. The life of Abraham Lincoln has reached the inception of the secession movement, which brings it close to the period of the war papers which form now the characteristic feature of this periodical. Mr. E. C. Stedman contributes a brilliant critical paper on "Twelve Years of British Song." Mr. Stockton's "The Hundredth Man" is concluded, as is also Mr. Harris's "Azalia." Ely Cathedral provides the theme of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's paper for the month on "English Cathedrals." The frontispiece of the number is a fine portrait of Harriet Beecher Stowe, engraved exquisitely by T. Johnson. The issue is wholly up to the best standard of the magazine, both in respect to literary matter and the magnificent character of the engravings. There is no question that *The Century* stands at the head of publications of its class either on this or the other side of the ocean, but the managers have in contemplation novelties and improvements to be started in early issues that will make its excellence more marked than ever. Published by The Century Company, New York.

Has that Tom Cat scratched my darling's face? Rub it, Freddy, with Salvation Oil.

The best remedy for pulmonary complaints is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price, 25 cents.

The Turquoise Ring.

BY J. CASSELL.

"GOOD-night, Paulita, I must go."

"You must go?" She fell back a step, as if she detected impatience in his tone. "You can't stay any longer?" she said then, more helplessly.

"No, I must be off. Be a good girl, Paulita, and—and think of me sometimes."

He ended with a laugh that sounded half sarcastic. But she had loosened her hold upon his arm, and she looked at him almost with the calmness of despair.

"Think of me sometimes," he repeated.

"Sometimes!" she struck in with quiet intensity. "Always. Night and day, morning and mid-day, and evening and midnight. Every moment, constantly, faithfully, I shall never let your image leave me for an instant. I will wear your ring and will look at it and see your two blue-eyes watching me. * * * Good-by, good-by."

He regarded her for a brief moment in silence. He appeared surprised yet relieved at her quietude. He was glad there had been no scene. He had almost expected one. Then he stooped hastily and kissed her forehead lightly, just brushing it with his lips, and, turning, hastened away.

He was Roger Hastings, known to Paulita as Roger Hardy, and was the son of wealthy parents; he traced his ancestry back for many generations.

He said that he had got all out of university life that he cared for, and that he was going to see the world pretty thoroughly for the dozen years to come.

It would be strange if he did not care to gather an occasional flower by the wayside as he went.

And Paulita? She watched him as long as her eyes could tell his shape—watched him pass briskly off into the twilight.

She put her hand in the bosom of her dress and touched tenderly the ring she wore upon a blue ribbon—the ring that he had given her—the solid band with its quaint setting of twin turquoises, like two blue eyes gazing steadily outwards. She knew that he would be true to her. She knew that he loved her.

Then Paulita came back to herself out of a pleasant dream into which she had been drifting, and remembered that she must go to bed at once, in order to rise early and finish her sewing in time.

"I never saw that ribbon around her neck before," said the cook suddenly. "What is it—a charm that you are wearing?"

Paulita hesitated.

"Yes," she said softly. "It—it keeps harm away."

In a fortnight the family in which Paulita was nurse was at Brighton.

Paulita wondered how soon she would hear from her lover. She looked for a letter any day. He would write to Brighton; or even if he did not, the letter would be forwarded from home.

Paulita dreamed a good deal—day dreams—while she sewed, or while she helped the governess to take the children for walks. Paulita dreamed by day and by night. She dreamed as she walked by the ocean and looked out towards the blue horizon rim. But no letter came.

She wore her ring within her bosom. Sometimes she took it out and looked at it, and remembered his voice when he gave it to her; remembered his soft laugh when he warned her not to let acid touch the stones and darken them.

But the days passed, and the weeks passed, and no letter came—no word or sign of her lover.

At length Paulita's face began to grow thin and pale; her eyes seemed larger—darker—for great hollows came about them. She did not care for food. She did not sleep at night.

And still she waited for his letter.

One afternoon her mistress bade her to do some work that needed the mistress's supervision.

Paulita sat palely watching her stitches and plying her needle. Some strange influence had moved her to take the turquoise ring from her bosom and place it on her wedding-ring finger.

Her hands were very white and thin, to match the pallor of her face, and the blue and heavy gold shone markedly.

Was there any strangeness in the fact, that a friend of Paulita's mistress, an intimate friend, a brusque, elderly, somewhat an eccentric lady, should drop in for a chat, and so sit with Paulita's mistress in her boudoir?

Paulita rose with an inquiring glance at her mistress. But the latter only smiled languidly.

"You need not go, Paulita. Continue your work." And to her visitor: "This is my nurse. You will not mind her presence?"

"No," said the visitor good humoredly; but she glanced sharply at the girl. And presently when she had spoken a little with her friend, she appeared greatly interested in what the nurse was doing.

She was a woman with a heavy, almost coarse, voice. And when she suddenly addressed Paulita, the girl started and grew a shade paler.

"That is a very peculiar ring that you wear."

"Yes, madame," said Paulita, in a low voice.

"Will you oblige me by letting me look at it?"

Paulita's breath came hard for a moment. Her cheeks began to crimson. She slowly drew the band from her finger and carried it to the visitor.

"Certainly, madam," she said, but rather indistinctly.

"Ahem!" said the lady. "Yes. Very quaint. Quite rococo, I may say. May I ask where you got it?"

Paulita's crimson cheeks grew more like scarlet.

"It was—a gift," she answered.

"Ah! And for how much could I induce you to part with it?"

Paulita's face was raised proudly.

"For no money," she said.

"You really mean you would not like to let it go? It is not very valuable to you, is it?"

"It is priceless," said the girl, gaining some courage.

Her mistress smiled languidly as she sat watching.

"Do you really fancy the ring?" said she to her caller.

The latter nodded briskly.

"I want it very much."

"Oh, well, Paulita," said her mistress, "let Mrs. Knowles have the ring if she chooses to buy it from you. Who gave it to you?"

"My sweetheart gave it to me," said Paulita, after a silence in which she seemed nerving herself for something. "It is—my engagement ring. Nobody on earth—no money—could buy it from me." Her eyes were fixed upon the treasure as she spoke jealously.

"Ahem!" said the caller. "Engagement ring? I wonder who the thief was? You see, this ring is mine. I can identify it by the inside. I haven't looked yet, and couldn't read it without my glasses, but I think that younger eyes can find the letters 'R' and 'H,' and a date. The ring is older than it looks. People do not wear good turquoises constantly. They are easily discolored."

Paulita stood motionless. No sound came from her lips. The scarlet had faded from her cheeks. A sickness, a deathly feeling had come upon her.

What did it mean? Her—Roger's—ring! Stolen! This woman knew the inscription.

The room seemed to go around. She was dizzy, faint. And then the caller's voice fell upon her again through the darkness.

"Of course I don't doubt that you came by it honestly, my poor girl, but, nevertheless, it is—or was—my ring. Your sweetheart probably bought it at a pawnshop where it had been left—ha! ha!—by my scapegrace of a nephew. My favorite nephew—my incorrigible. Always into scrapes, and always having to be helped out. I suppose"—she was talking to Paulita's mistress now—"I suppose young men must be young men, and young rascals as well. Only fancy that rascal of a Roger—you know my nephew—Roger Hastings—only fancy his pawning my ring. I missed it some time ago. Here, my girl"—for Paulita had turned and walked towards the door—walked unsteadily, had they but seen or cared—"here, my girl; I will not claim the ring, unless you choose to accept a fair equivalent."

Paulita returned, put out her hand blindly, and took the ring. Her heart was dead, cold, horrible within her. Was Roger Hastings the real name of her Roger Hardy? Had he deceived her? Yet she took and held the ring in her numb hand, and heard her mistress murmur—

"You are too good, Mrs. Knowles. Indeed, I think you are really foolish to be so good."

And Mrs. Knowles' voice—disregardful of her friend's remonstrance—celebrated the follies of her favorite nephew.

"At all events he has got to the end of his tether. He is going to be married soon, and I fancy his wife will make him walk very straight. She's a dashing girl, and he is completely infatuated. She is a Miss Waters, and is very rich."

"You can go for awhile, Paulita," said her mistress serenely, foreseeing, perhaps, some delightful bit of gossip anent the coming wedding—since weddings are usually first or last attended with scandal of some sort.

And Paulita obeyed. She went out of the room. She wore her cap and apron. She seemed neat and modest. No one would have suspected any terrible impending trouble. She went towards the sea.

"Oh, Heaven!" She kept saying these two words over and over helplessly, despairingly.

False! false! false! Her world had come to a sudden and terrible end. Her world had stopped revolving—had collided with huge obstacles—had crashed and smashed and was dropping away from under her feet. She was sinking into an abyss.

It was death!

She walked a long distance. She hardly know where she stopped or what she brought back with her. She had no money. How could she buy poison to end her life with?

She did not return to the house until after dark. She crept in like a shadow. No one seemed to see her. Her mistress was whirling in the delicious dance to delicate music, in costly silks and a splendid blaze of diamonds, among others of her set. The cook was strolling on the beach with a chance lover.

Paulita crept to her room. She sat down in the chair by the small stand in the corner. She bowed her head upon her hands and did not move.

Perhaps she said a prayer. The wind—the sweet sea breeze—stole in upon her. But she did not stir.

At midnight the cook crept in softly, saw Paulita sitting there but did not speak to her. The cook crept into bed and slept soundly and selfishly until broad daylight.

And by the broad daylight they found Paulita—dead! Cold and still and pale. She would never move or speak again. Did she take her own life? Who knows?

There were a glass and dregs of something that might have been deadly. And closely clutched in one thin hand her turquoise ring. And, as if some powerful acid had fallen upon them, the twin stones had turned black—disfigured beyond redemption.

PROVIDENCE AND THE LITTLE ONES.—In a sermon preached for the Royal Humane Society, by Dr. Adam Clarke, then an old man, he related the following circumstance concerning himself, in which he was evidently the subject of a marvelous deliverance:

When a boy, he one day rode a horse down to a large river, which flowed near his father's house, and attempted to cross it. But the stream was deeper and stronger than he thought. The horse lost its footing and was carried down the current. The boy was carried off the animal's back, sank, lost consciousness, and continued in the water he knew not how long, for the next thing he could remember was finding himself on the bank of the river, where he supposed he had been drifted by the stream, and where the heat of the summer's sun must have acted as a restorative to the system.

The excellent Richard Cecil was the subject of a similar deliverance, in which the watchful eye and merciful hand of Providence may be distinctly seen: He was playing in a yard at the back of his father's house, where were several tanks of water. One of these was sunk in the earth, and at the time had been frozen over, and a hole made in the ice to water the horses. The boy was playing at this hole with a stick, when suddenly his foot slipped, and, falling into the hole, he was carried under the ice. His father's workmen had received orders to proceed to some work in another part of the dye-works, but somehow they had neglected his order. Had they done otherwise they would have been out of sight of the tank. As it was, the child had slipped so noiselessly into the water, and had so soon become unconscious, that it was some minutes before one of the men, thinking he saw something at the tank, found the scarlet cloak of his master's son. The child was taken from the water apparently dead. By the use of proper means, and after long efforts, animation returned and the boy was restored.

Not less was the hand of Providence seen when, while still a boy, his clothes were caught in the wheel of a horse mill. He must have been crushed to death instantly but for the presence of mind which God preserved. In a moment he saw that the head of the horse that worked the mill was within reach of his feet. He dashed them in the animal's face so violently as to stop him at once, and then he succeeded in extricating himself.

The talented Dr. Doddridge was his mother's twentieth child, and was so feeble at his birth that he was laid aside as dead. One of the attendants saw faint indications of life, and by her fostering care the flickering spark was fanned into a gentle flame. The life thus wonderfully spared was no less wonderfully devoted to God, and used by Him for the good of multitudes.

THE PUBLIC LETTER-WRITER.—The scrivano or public letter-writer still exists in Rome, although, with the spread of education and the public school, his race is nearly run. This one before us is a fine-looking old man, with kindly eyes and benevolent expression, which win confidence at once, both from the peasant girl who comes to him to write a love-letter, and from her lucky swain, who also seeks his aid, both to read the letter and to pen the reply. Italian letters are not like ours, full of news and personal items, but fervent epistles, replete with passion and sentiment, and a plentiful supply of exclamation marks. But in the moment in which we come upon the scrivano, it is not with girl or lover that he is engaged, but with an old woman, older even than himself, a veritable old witch who, bent over, and with one hand helping her ear, is listening with all the concentration which her old faculties are capable of, while the scrivano reads aloud to her the letter she has submitted to him. Who can realize how precious those written words may be to the listening woman; for without doubt they tell her of her children far away, the boy or girl or both, whom years ago she used to watch while at play in the square or by the fountain, and who now, in distant climes, are struggling to gain a livelihood in some strange land where all is in bitter contrast to the light and warmth of Rome.

A QUEEN'S KITCHEN.—In Queen Victoria's kitchen there are a book-keeper to give orders to grocers, provision and other dealers, four clerks to aid him in his work, a chief cook, four master cooks, two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting cooks, four scourers, three kitchen maids, a store keeper, two "green office" men, two steam apparatus men, first and second yeomen of confectionery, an apprentice, three female assistants, a baker and assistant, and three coffee-room women. There is an extensive wine cellar, superintended by a man of large salary, and an army of officers, engaged in various departments, suggest extensive eating and drinking.

IN THE last sermon preached by the late Dr. Burton, of Hartford, the speaker, who was then in perfect health, quoted the famous poem, "If I Should Die To-night."

Humorous.

"ENOUGH IS AS GOOD," ETC.

I kissed her once;
I kissed her twice;
And what d'you think she told me?
That if I dared
To kiss her thrice
She'd really have to scold me!

I did not care,
But sought her lips,
And kissed them ten times over,
Until I seemed
Like one who sips
Of wine, and lives in clover!

At last she cried,
With wrath delayed,
"Again, sir, if you dare to!"
But then I feigned
To be afraid—
Again? I did not care to!!

U. N. NONE.

A kidnapper—Paregoric.

A sweet home—A bee hive.

Quite a rushing business—The football-players'.

Has the floor—The man who has been knocked down in argument.

Old saw reset by a lady—A bird on the hat is worth two in the bush.

Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge?—Because it requires grinding.

A doctor once sent his bill to a widow for, as he put it, "doctoring your husband until he died."

A teacher sends this detached gem of schoolboy definition, which is worthy of being placed on record: "Repugnant—One who repugs."

The Englishman who said there were no ruins in this country could never have met an American citizen returning home after a torchlight procession.

Do not marry for riches, my son; but remember that the husband of an heiress is seldom obliged to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and build the fire.

New resident (aged 9 years)—Can I turn and play wis zoo? Gentleman addressed (aged 5)—No, yer can't; and if yer don't stop looking at our house I'll throw a brick at yer.

Encouragement: Percy Lovelace (a suitor)—"Do you think I can ever win Miss Fickle's love?" Cynical Friend (a former suitor)—"Never despair, my boy. What man has done, man can do."

A St. Louis paper soberly replies to a correspondent: "If you are a married man your wife can compel you to support her. If you are not she can't." The correspondent was probably satisfied one way or the other.

Last Resort in the Dread Extremity.—The following advertisement recently appeared in a Belgian newspaper—"A young man on the point of marrying desires to meet a man of experience who will dissuade him from his purpose. Address X. X.," &c.

"Do you think," she asked dreamily, as he sat beside her at the circus, "that this is the same elephant I saw when I was a child?" "No," he answered, with scornful candor; "you know elephants only live to be 200 years old." She has another beau now.

Missionary, to newly-converted savage: "How is it now about eating your fellow-men? It is four weeks now since you slaughtered your father; have you grown better?" Savage: "Yes, teacher; since then I have only eaten a couple of distant relatives."

"I think I saw your husband coming out of his club last evening," said a lady to a friend. "What time was it?" "About eight o'clock." "I think that you must be mistaken, then. I never knew John to leave his club as early as eight o'clock.

"Charley," said a young wife, "is there really any such person as 'the fool-killer?'" "Oh, I guess not; I don't know," said Charley, who was reading the morning paper. "Well, Charley, all I wanted to say is please don't go out after dark any more until you find out."

Bobby was spending the afternoon at his aunt's, and for some moments had been gazing out of the window in a painfully thoughtful sort of way. "What makes you so serious, Bobby?" asked his aunt. "Why, ma told me that I must remember not to ask for anything to eat, and I'm trying to remember it."

A man in Kansas committed suicide by hanging himself in a red barn. The inquest held over his body developed the facts that his farm was mortgaged, his wife cross-eyed, while his dog had been whipped by a neighbor's. In view of these circumstances the jury returned a verdict of "Justifiable suicide."

"You advertise that there is a fine stream of water on the place, but I don't see it," remarked a stranger who wanted to take a small estate. The landlord said, "Just work that pump-handle a little and you will see a fine stream of water. You don't expect to have the Niagara Falls on the place for $10 a month, do you?"

"Know that young lady at the piano, Mr. Blunt?" "Yes, I'm slightly acquainted with her. "Well, I wish I was." "Why?" "I'd cultivate her until I knew her well enough to tell her she can't sing. Her voice reminds me of the yawp of a fish vender. Can't you introduce me?" "With pleasure. I am her father."

"You love my daughter?" said the old man. "Love her!" he exclaimed, passionately; "why, sir, I would die for her! For one soft glance from those sweet eyes I would hurl myself from yonder cliff and perish, a bleeding, bruised mass, upon the rocks two hundred feet below!" The old man shook his head. "I'm something of a liar myself," he said, "and one is enough for a small family like mine."

AT Grand Forks, D. T., Halvor Bentrue put a lighted pipe in his pocket which contained a number of matches. The matches ignited and burned Mr. Bentrue so badly that it is thought one of his arms will have to be amputated.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

Progress Retrograde.

One of the best evidences of progress among the people is the constant increase in the use of non-poisonous medicines. Not only has the old faith in poisonous compounds declined but people have less faith in health disturbing articles. They don't like to vomit or physic or salivate themselves as formerly. Experience has taught them better. They have learned that it is not necessary to kindle one fire in order to extinguish another;—or to produce a medicinal disease with poisonous drugs, in order to cure a natural one. They see every day not only how fruitless drugging is, but how completely cures are made and health perfectly restored by the mildest of doses and remedies. For thirty years Dr. Humphreys has been proclaiming "THE MILD POWER CURES" and his SPECIFICS have not only been scattered everywhere but have come into daily use in tens of thousands of families all over the land. For the young, the feeble, the ailing, to the wise and observing, they are a constant source of refuge and recovery. Scarcely a disease known among men, or animals even, but has its sure antidote and cure, among his SPECIFICS. The suffering relieved, the health restored and the lives prolonged and usefulness extended by these simple inexpensive HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS is simply incalculable.

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7	Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25

HOMEOPATHIC

10	Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach.....	.25
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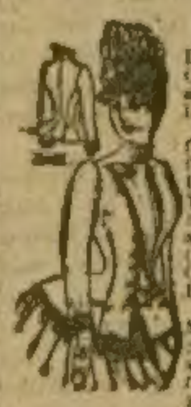

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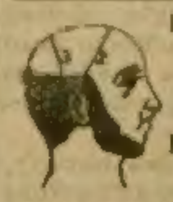

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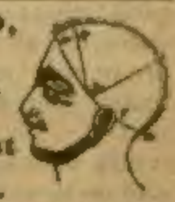

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Soft woolen goods will be the prevailing fall material for street wear. Not only will plain material be used, but fancy goods in stripes and large plaids. The latter are very popular, being used in combination with plain material.

The basque is made with some soft twill, with fancy cuffs and collars, in combination with a skirt of plaid, with full heavy draperies of the same.

Among some of the latest French importations are many woolens, with fancy stripes of velvet. The Jacquard looms are furnishing the market with this class of goods, with elaborately flowered stripes of velvet.

The Princess of Wales has set the style of using watered silk basques, with skirt and draperies of plain cashmere—a combination which is very taking.

Many importations for fall wear are of plain ladies' cloth and serge in an almost endless variety of colors. The navy-blues have more purple in them than formerly, the porcelain greens more blue, and reds are as dark as the Jaqueminot rose.

For stylish costumes striking combinations are used, as red and green, brown and blue, and gray and blue. The prevailing color, and that which seems to be the most fitting for the autumn season, is brown, and this will be used in all shades—wood, bronze, and tawny being those that are most in favor.

This is the time of year when fresh and handsome tea gowns are in request. Some of the handsomest recently imported from Paris merit description:

One of two shades of rich Hortense or vivid petunia poult de soie fitted the figure closely. The coloring could hardly have been more effective; the darker shade was deep and distinct, the light as bright as the most beautiful tone of peach, but with a pink tinge therein. This light coloring was let in at the side with handsome bead ornaments carried across in shades to match the silk, and having gold intermixed.

Silk with the edges fringed is a novelty, and on the other side of this gown a double fold of the light shade thus fringed had been carried down diagonally, while the front was veiled in soft lace. The collar was high; long bows were introduced at one side of the skirt, which was long and flowing.

A brown and gold inch-wide striped velvet and satin had been used for another tea gown, which had a front drapery of gold silk lace; this also appeared as a soft gathered panel at the side; a square Louis XIV pocket on the left hip.

But perhaps the handsomest was a plain flowing mousse-green plush tea-gown; the back plain, but gathered full at the back of the waist, handsome jet ornaments keeping the fulness in its place and dividing it into four portions. These ornaments appeared again on the shoulders, where the sleeve was brought up in a high point. It opened diagonally at the waist, to show some cream silk plaits; the cream silk front of the bodice also plaited, and the plush draped sideways over it fastening beneath a jet ornament. The sleeve was cut slantwise, so that it fell deep outside the arm, and had soft folds of cream silk at the edge.

A pretty dress lately worn at a reception by the chatelaine of a well-known chateau not far from Paris was of the pretty redingote style called Girondelle or black and white striped faille. The dress opened in front over a skirt front of white faille, veiled over with flounces of Chantilly lace put on lengthways and forming quillings; at the back the dress formed a swallow-tail shaped train. This pattern is very much the fashion this autumn.

A tea-gown made for the same distinguished lady is of old pink Indian cashmere, with a long train and a deep ruching of pinked-out faille around the foot. The dress opens in front over a skirt of pink silk, draped over with white lace; a broad strip of gold galloon marks the waist, and is fastened rather low in front, falling in two long lapels finished with aiguillettes. The neck is trimmed by a strip of the same galloon, as also the wristbands, on to which the sleeves are gathered. The shoes of gold-colored satin, and the stockings of silk to match.

Never has the display of silks been more beautiful and attractive than it is this season. Satin and gros-grain have almost entirely gone out of sight, and in their places have come a dozen or more of far more durable and elegant materials.

A species of intermediate silk has a bright surface, but not so bright as satin, and the texture is thicker than gros-grain. This is grease-proof, that it will not pull, and in black and plain colors; it is reversible.

The leather silk is of this character, as is also the drap Lucullus, which has a little visible grain, bright on the surface but not shiny, and drap Clovis, which has a right and a wrong side. Peau de soie is one of the best fabrics for bodices, but is not reversible.

There is quite a demand for moire, especially the English, which has the large irregular water, not the small striped design which used to be called water silk, but is now known as moire Francaise.

New designs have been brought out in the watering of the moires this season, and these have been interblended with many stripes. Among the new ones is the Constellation. It has pea-spots scattered all over its watered ground, and sometimes the spots are of different sizes in the same piece.

The moire Alexis is also new, and has a cross-bar check in lines and varied colorings. Quadrille moire shows a different kind of check.

In the moire antique Pekin there are broad dark satin stripes, in which stripes of all colors are thrown. Moire antique faconne shows many handsome patterns, and other moires are likely to be very popular.

The chameleon or phosphorescent silks and ribbons, however, promise to be the prominent fashion of the season. They are not the old style shot silk, with the weft of one color and woof of another, but have the raw silk dyed twice over, one above the other, in such a fashion that both tints show, softening and improving the other. They are like the interior of a shell, and the varied aspect they assume is quite charming. Brown and gold, green and red, blue and brown, red and green, peach and drab, and gray and red, are the favorite mixtures.

For evening wear there are many inexpensive and effective designs for young people. For matrons there are, of course, many very handsome and costly ones, in which silver-tinsel threads are introduced. Some of the less costly silks have lozenge-shaped stripes in steel, brown heliotrope, and other tones. It is called camieu-faconne. Pekin faille Hainaut is like it, but stiffer in design. The Louis XV and XVI periods are also admirable in their patterns.

Many new silks have pompadour satin stripes in blue, maize, yellow and other tones, such as pompadour, channele, and some brocades of that order thrown in chintz stripes. Many of the designs this year owe their original idea to Japan.

The new faille Yeddo, which is of English make, has a Japanese design in its stripes, and so does the channele amoi satin, which is woven to resemble embroidery, and is mixed with a cable of plush, which gives it richness and a good solidity.

Already there is a call for leaf-brown ribbons, bronze and copper trimmings, and the deep glowing colors of the reddened leaves upon the trees.

Lace hats and bonnets will continue in favor until quite late in the season. The favorite colors will be brown in various shades—olive, copper, bronze. Several shades of gray, two or three shades of heliotrope, notably a rather pronounced purple and several shades of cardinal and garnet.

Hats of shirred lace with full bunches of poppies or of tinted autumn leaves are in high favor among ladies. Fancy braid hats and bonnets are popular, and many ladies make their own headgear from braid bought by the yard, mingled with some of the fancy laces or grenadines which are so abundant at the fancy stores.

Every lady who keeps pace with the times has a bonnet of fine black straw trimmed with ribbon and plumes of flowers. It may have strings or not, according to the wearer's fancy or convenience.

Girls and children wear plain sailor hats with ribbon band and ends for ordinary, and any of the high-crowned fancy styles, either in plain braid or any of the novelty styles that have been so popular during the present season.

Odds and Ends.

LOBSTER AND CRAB DISHES.

Amongst the delicacies which are thoroughly enjoyed by people who dare venture to eat them are lobsters and crabs. These fish constitute truly most dainty morsels. They are very appetising, furnish an unusually excellent relish and may be served in a variety of ways.

The flesh of the lobster used in lobster salad should be cut up into pieces, or else should be torn apart with forks. The following is the process of making simple lobster salad:

Tear up the salad and make a bed of it on the dish. Place on this some of the lobster; put on also some of the green pith and the creamy fat that adheres to the shell. Pile on at intervals the rest of the salad and the rest of the lobster, and make it high in the middle. Just before it is wanted dress the salad as salads are ordinarily dressed, or toss it well with a tablespoonful of vinegar, a gill of cream, and a little pepper and salt. Pile it high in the middle, finish it by pouring the thick mayonnaise over it, and decorate it as prettily as possible with lobster coral and sliced cucumber.

Lobster Cutlets are amongst the delicacies which many otherwise clever cooks are afraid of making. They ought not to be so; for though lobster cutlets cannot be said to be easily made, because they are apt to burst and crack in frying, and it requires practice to shape them neatly, yet they are soon managed by any one who will give intelligence and pains to them. When successfully prepared they are always approved, are very *recherche*, and also economical, because they make a little lobster go a long way.

It is quite possible to make lobster sauce for six or eight people and a handsome dish of lobster cutlets out of a moderate-sized lobster; only for this, as also for lobster sauce, one must have lobster butter to give the required red tinge, and because lobster cutlets ought to be deeply colored all the way through. Lobster butter, however, is not always obtainable. When there is a chance of getting it, it should be put by for use.

Lobster Butter is made both of lobster spawn and lobster coral. Spawn is the name given to the egg of fish, and by lobster spawn we mean the little black beads which lie thickly underneath the body of a hen lobster at the right season. If these eggs were boiled with the lobster they would turn red; but as they are plentiful in summer, they are generally taken out by the fishmonger, and kept in brine for use in winter. To make lobster butter of the spawn, we mix the beads with an equal quantity of butter, and press the mixture through a sieve, crushing the beads while doing so. The butter thus produced will need to be cooked before it will be the right color. It should therefore be stirred into the sauce, or stirred into the preparation of which the cutlets are made, over the fire; then it will turn red. Sometimes the spawn is put into the oven on a greased tin for a minute or two; sometimes it is thrown into fast-boiling water; but in any case it needs to be cooked before it answers the desired purpose. It can be obtained in small quantities from the fishmonger, and when hen lobsters are not to be had, a little spawn is a great convenience.

Cold Dressed Crab.—If a handsome dish is required, serve the flesh of two crabs in one shell. Pick the meat from the cart, the breastplate, and the claws, and throw aside the branchiæ, or gills, sometimes called "dead men's fingers." The meat of the breastplate is particularly delicious, but it is troublesome to get at. Tear the white meat into shreds with two forks, and reserve about a third of the quantity. Mix the rest with the contents of the cart, and season with mustard, vinegar, salt and cayenne. Put the preparation lightly into the prepared cart, sprinkle the white flesh reserved for the purpose on the surface, and garnish with parsley and a little lobster coral, if it is to be had.

Hot Crab, called also Buttered Crab.—Pick the meat from two crabs, and carefully cleanse and trim the larger and handsomer of the shells. Season with salt, white pepper, a teaspoonful or two of common or chilli vinegar beaten up with a little made mustard, one-quarter of its bulk in fine breadcrumbs, and a slice of butter, or instead, a small quantity of salad oil. Put the mixture into the shell intended for it, cover thickly with breadcrumbs, place little knobs of butter here and there on the surface, heat thoroughly in the oven, and serve hot.

It may be well to add that lobsters which measure less than eight inches from the tip of the beak to the end of the tail, and crabs which are less than four and a quarter inches across the broadest part of the shell, are illegal in some places.

THE bitterest tears shed over graves are for words left unsaid and deeds left undone. "She never knew how I loved her." "He never knew what he was to me." "I always meant to make more of our friendship." Such words are the poisoned arrows which cruel death shoots back at us from the door of the sepulchre.

Experience wounded is the school where man learns piercing wisdom out of smart.

Confidential Correspondents.

PERT.—Ten thousand dollars is the highest denomination of a bank note issued in this country.

BLACKWOOD.—A centerboard is an iron or wooden board placed lengthwise at the bottom of the boat, like a moveable keel, and can be raised or lowered. It prevents the boat's slipping over the surface of the water when tacking.

J. E.—The habit of snuff-taking is a very unclean one, but many old gentlemen survive into the "eighties" and enjoy a pinch to the last. It is merely a stimulant taken in a very unusual way. Some doctors declare that it injures the eyesight. Certainly it ruins the olfactories.

MAUDE.—If you mean by "broken hair," the splitting of the hairs of the head, the remedy is by clipping the ends frequently. If the redness of the nose only occurs at meal-time or just afterwards, it indicates a derangement of the stomach, or digestive powers; but if it be permanent it may arise from scorbutic or other cutaneous affection.

B. W. C.—While treating him kindly, you can assume a manner which will, after a while, probably convince him that you are in earnest in rejecting his lover-like attentions. But if he will not be convinced without a little plain talk on your part, you will, of course, have to give him the little plain talk. You need not be afraid that your rejection will kill him, as he tells you it will. Young men can stand a good deal of that sort of "killing."

A. B. C.—It was foolish in you to refuse to ask the mother's consent to your marriage with her daughter. It would be wise in you to ask it now, and to be as agreeable as possible to your future mother-in-law, unless you want to run the risk of entering upon a course of domestic misery. The wedding-ring is put upon the bride's finger at a certain point in the ceremony. The clergyman who marries you will tell you when to put the ring on her finger.

F. W. M.—The difficulty would be rather to mention poets who have not written about the sea, the stars, and the moonlight, than to specify those who have. You might almost as well ask us to tell you what preachers have discoursed upon the soul and eternity. Perhaps the most remarkable lines—on the stars, are those in which one John Montgomery, who is by no means to be confused with James Montgomery—describes a wounded soldier as gazing up at them while lying face downwards on the field of battle.

NEGLECTED.—Titian was a Italian, or to be more explicit, Venetian, painter. His name was Tiziano Vecellio, called Titian. He was a pupil of Giovanni Bellini, born 1477 or 1480, and died of the plague, August 27, 1576. His first work was "The Death of Peter-Martyr," in the Church of San Giovanni e Paolo at Venice, which was burnt down on the 15th August, 1867. His other great works were the "Assumption," Venice; "Bacchus and Ariadne," National Gallery, London; and the "Last Supper," in the Palace of the Escurial, Spain.

JULIUS.—A boy should never allow himself even to discuss the chances of success in evading parental commands, or filial duties of any kind. He should, on the contrary, always be eager to do his whole duty—to do not only what his father expressly commands him to do, but also such things as he knows he ought to do, even when his father has not commanded him to perform them. If you take this theory as your guide, you will turn out a vast deal better than those boys will who spend so much of their time in trying to devise ways and means for evading their filial duties.

FAT BOY.—(1) We have only to repeat that you would naturally use the right hand in saluting a lady, unless you were left-handed or the right were not available, but that it is quite immaterial whether you use the one or the other. (2) What do you mean by this question: "Is it a breach of etiquette to raise the hat to a person of your own sex, whether you respect him or not?" How could it possibly be a breach of etiquette? If you want to know whether it is obligatory to raise your hat to a gentleman of your acquaintance, the answer is that it is not. You might do so on being introduced to him, but not at subsequent meetings. Whether you respect him is not to the point. Though you cannot avoid contact with people you do not care for, you should always treat them with courtesy.

SENEX.—Our advice to you is to do nothing. On no account must you make advances to the young man so as to "make it up," as you call it. Were you to do so, it is ten chances to one that he would repulse you; at any rate, it would sink you in his estimation. But, of course, this does not imply that he must come to you and beg your forgiveness, &c. Were he wholly in the wrong and a gentleman, he would of course apologise at once, without being asked. But this is the question—who was in the wrong, he or you? No doubt you are both to blame. Do nothing hasty, but let events shape themselves. Circumstances, either accidental or made by your friends, will no doubt bring you together soon again, when mutual explanations can take place, and your quarrel be composed in the manner that lovers usually arrange these matters.

J. H.—No, it is not true, according to modern naturalists, that the ant lays up for itself in summer a store of food for winter, either in hot or in cold climates. The insect does not live on grain at all, but on flesh, insects, and the sweet sap or other exudation of trees, which could not be stored up for winter use. Besides, in all but very hot regions, it sleeps during winter. It is true that it fills its nests with grains of corn, chaff, grass, etc., but this is merely for warmth; not for food. The mistake is a very ancient, and an extremely natural one. When travelers see, as one tells us he saw, a line of black ants marching towards their nests, each laden with a grain of barely considerably larger than itself, nothing is more natural than for them to conclude that they are stocking their larder against the time of scarcity.

DAVENPORT.—It is not strange that you should be "in want of arguments" to prove that by nature the sexes are equal in intellectual strength, the superiority of men being only the result of the better training their minds receive. It is quite arguable that in the beginning there was no inequality; but a marked inequality having, from whatever cause, arisen, and having existed through so many generations, it requires a good deal of courage to contend, in the face of the law of heredity, that there is equality at birth. But if, as you expect, your opponent alleges that there are no female mesmerists, you may meet him first by denying his statement (the most successful mesmerist we have ever seen was a woman), and then by pointing out that even if true it proves nothing. The power to mesmerise, whatever it may be, is not an intellectual quality.